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ONE PENNY.



LONDON SCOTTISH VOLUNTEER RIFLE CORPS.

NOTES OF THE WEEK.

We have had rather a quiet week in foreign matters. A considerable calm has followed upon the settlement of the Trent affair, but there is still an unsettled feeling arising from the belief that other causes of irritation between the two countries will arise, and it will be a difficult matter to keep the peace. At present there is considerable hostile criticism on the British and French press, against the act of sinking stone-laden vessels in the month of the Charleston Harbour; some newspapers are almost disposed to make it a *casus belli*. It is certain, however, that both the French and British Governments look upon the business with no favourable eye. It seems, however, to be forgotten that the Confederates were the first to show the bad example in blocking up the Savannah River, to keep out the Federal war vessels. It appears further that only one of the channels to Charleston Harbour has been stopped up. By the last American mail we learn that a Confederate ship had run the blockade after the stone fleet had been sunk. It is stated in addition that there would be little difficulty in removing the obstruction, should peace be declared between the belligerent parties. It, however, suits the purpose of those who are at present disposed to keep up the irritation between the two countries, to make the most of the affair. This and the blockade of the Southern American ports generally, is likely to be a subject of early Parliamentary discussion. In the meantime the American news to hand shows that the North is gradually closing in the South; latest accounts represent the Federal troops as within six miles of Charleston, and that a brisk engagement had been fought at Port Royal Ferry, ending in the repulse of the Confederates and the destruction of their defences. Reinforcements were expected, when it was understood that an assault would be made on the South Carolinian capital. Savannah, the capital of Georgia, was also expected soon to fall. On the Potomac there was nothing doing, but an onward movement was likely, as soon as General Burnside's expedition had reached its destination. Great secrecy had been observed respecting the latter, but its object was understood to be the effecting of a lodgment behind the Confederate army in Virginia, so as to place it between two fires. Financial matters were occasioning considerable anxiety, and Congress was blamed for not vigorously tackling the difficulty, by a large measure of taxation. For temporary purposes an issue of Government notes to the extent of one hundred million dollars was under consideration, but such financial arrangement could only be provisional, and must be followed by some plan of redemption—as otherwise a great depreciation of their value as compared with gold must take place.

The latest phase of the Mexican intervention scheme is a report that the allied powers was likely to tinker up a constitution and a Government for the country of the Montezumas, and that a branch of the rather incorrigible royal house of Hapsburg was to be made king of the new "protectorate." This is going beyond the original understanding expressed as to the object of the combined action against Mexico, and would scarcely have been ventured upon, had it not been for the quarrel between the two branches of the late United States. Nor if carried out is it likely to have any permanence, unless France undertakes the task of keeping a large standing army in this country, which will be found a more hazardous task than maintaining Pio Nono on his throne.

There are indications that the differences between Denmark and Prussia in relation to the Duchies of Schleswig and Holstein, may result in a rupture, and perhaps war. The latest news to hand is anything but assuring.

The Windham trial approaches its close, the evidence being at length exhausted, and counsels have had their say. In our next impression we expect to give the result, which is generally expected to be against the petitioners. The vast expense the defendant has been put to, is denounced by the press as a great scandal.

We have to record a terrific calamity in the North. A week ago an accident occurred at the Hartley colliery, near South Shields, which resulted in sealing up a large work, and enclosing within the bowels of the earth no less than two hundred human beings. The accident arose from the beam of the pumping-engine having snapped in two at the axle, the half of it falling plump down into the pit at the very time that the cage was ascending the shaft with eight men in it—these being the first instalment of the morning shift. The descending beam struck the cage, throwing out two of the men, and seriously injuring three; the rest escaped. The large mass of iron, weighing upwards of twenty tons, in its progress to the bottom struck to splinters all that it touched, carrying to the bottom masses of stone, bricks, wood and earth, and blocked up, as with a mass of rock, the mouth of the lowermost seam, where one hundred and seventy-six men were waiting for their turn to be hauled up to the light of day. There were others engaged in the mine which swelled the total to two hundred and fifteen souls at the time of the catastrophe. Sanguine hopes were entertained up till Tuesday that the rubbish which choked up the shaft would be so far removed as to place the captives within reach of assistance. That day a new catastrophe intervened to stop the work. The air in the shaft became impregnated with carbonic acid gas, and, in consequence,

further operations were necessarily suspended until the shaft was ventilated. It is now believed that all the unfortunate men have perished, and in fact that this happened so long ago as Saturday. On Monday a body of experienced surgeons were near at hand—all kinds of restoratives had been prepared for the sufferers when they were reached—and hundreds of poor women and children were hovering near the mouth of the pit, their feelings alternating between hope and despair. Now, however, the ghastly calamity would seem to have been accomplished; and nothing remains for the public but to extend to those who have been bereaved their practical sympathy. The excitement throughout the districts of Northumberland and Durham is most intense.

A colliery accident of a serious character happened a few days ago near Dudley, but fortunately without any serious loss of life. The pit, however, was thrown into flames through an explosion, and was burning vigorously according to the latest accounts. Three men and a number of valuable horses have been sacrificed.

THE LONDON SCOTTISH RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.

Our first page engraving is an illustration of a portion of this crack metropolitan rifle corps, raised to its present state of great efficiency through the indefatigable exertions of its Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, Lord Elcho. The "London Scottish," as its name implies, is composed chiefly of young men, natives of Scotland, resident in the metropolis. The corps was one of the earliest formed in London, and numbers, we understand, 15 in order of enrolment. It is made up of eight companies, two of these being Highland Companies, who don the kilt and plaid, the other six wearing knickerbockers. The muster-roll shows the regiment to be about 800 strong; the headquarters of the corps is No. 8 Alphi-terrace, Strand, Colored, Lord Clyde; Lieutenant-Colonel commanding, Lord Elcho; Major, Sir David Baird; Adjutant, Captain S. Flood Page; Sergeant-Instructor, Thomas Herbert. Our engraving represents the full dress Highland uniform of the corps, and comprises in the representation Lieutenant-Colonel, Captain, Sergeant, and Private.

Foreign News.

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FRANCE.
The Emperor has made a *coup d'état* against free-masonry. He has abolished the right and universal practice of the craft to elect its own grand master, and has thrust upon it in that capacity, for a period of three years, Marshal Magnan, the soldier who, it will be remembered, officiated in chief at the political and bloody *coup d'état* in 1851.

ITALY.

Letters from Rome state that in the recent consistory the Pope announced officially to the Cardinals the death of the late King of Portugal, but spoke in the coldest and most formal manner of that event, which diffused such a general feeling of regret throughout Europe. We have already noticed a rumour that diplomatic relations were about to be broken off between Portugal and the Court of Rome, in consequence of the Pope having transmitted to the present King no expression of sympathy or condolence upon the loss of so many members of his family.

TURKEY.
TURIN, Jan. 18.—In to-day's sitting of the Chamber of Deputies a resolution was passed that the proposition of a member, that a universal Italian exhibition should take place at Naples in 1863, be taken into consideration.

AUSTRIA.

Rumours are abroad of a kind of reactionary Congress, under the presidency of Austria, having been held in Venice; and to this gathering it is said Count Rechberg was so suddenly summoned. The object of the convocation is alleged to be to endeavour to devise some means of checking the revolutionary movement throughout Europe, and restoring, if possible, the *status quo* so far as absolutism, legitimacy, and Bourbonism are concerned. Representatives of these principles and their various nuances are said to have taken part in the Congress; which, however, has as yet only been described in a Brussels journal; and we all know that the imaginative powers of the "brave Belgian" journalists far transcend those of their contemporaries.

PORTUGAL.

The Regency law has been unanimously passed by the Cortes.

The health of the Infante Dom Augusto is improving. He is now able to take a carriage drive.

SPAIN.

The Spanish authorities on the 18th ordered the privateer Sumter to quit Cadiz within six hours. The Sumter left the port accordingly, and proceeded for Gibraltar.

M. Adolphe Barrot, French Ambassador to the Court of Spain, has received the Grand Cross of the Order of St. Maurice.

It is said that the official announcement will shortly be made that the Queen is *enceinte*.

The report that the Government intended to close the Chambers has been denied.

The discussion of the Budget has commenced in the Cortes.

GERMANY.

Most of the deputies of the dissolved Diet of Hesse have left Cassel, and it is rumoured that the Government intends to take the course of declaring all the former deputies ineligible for re-election. Meanwhile the strongest determination prevails in the mind of the people to see the quarrel out to the last, standing firmly by their constitutional claims; and the fullest faith in their ultimate success exists among them. The struggle, although on so small a scale, is in some respects not very unlike that between Hungary and Austria; in each case the representatives of the people declining to accept a recently made constitution in exchange for that which they believe themselves legally entitled to maintain.

The speech of the King of Prussia is said to have produced a very favourable impression in Berlin. Not having shown any bias towards any party in particular, all seem disposed to con-

sider it satisfactory. It is doubtful whether the Chamber of Representatives will reply to the speech by an address.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPL, Jan. 11.—An imperial edict was read to the porte, promising immediate financial reforms.

The payment of all official salaries has been stopped on March.

The system of farming the taxes has been rescinded.

There have been many wrecks in the Black Sea, attended with great loss of life.

GREECE.

A telegraphic dispatch, received in Paris from Athens, announces that the Athenian youth Dousios, who attempted the life of the Queen of Greece, will not be put to death. At the request of the Queen herself the punishment has been commuted to a perpetual imprisonment. The Court of Cassation had rejected the appeal of Dousios against his condemnation on legal grounds. The Queen of Greece has become greatly irritated by the example set by the King of Prussia in the case of Oscar Becker.

INDIA.

BOMBAY, Dec. 27.—Great excitement prevails here on account of the news of impending war with America. Business is at a stand-still.

Sir George Clerk will probably return to England in March.

Sir William Mansfield is spoken of as his successor.

The man supposed to be Nana Sahib still remains in prison at Kurrachee. It is very doubtful if he is really the Nana.

Colonel Elliot has been appointed Chief Commissioner for the Central Province.

Cholera has broken out in Bombay.

AMERICA.

By the arrival of the Canadian mail steamer Nova Scotian, we have received dispatches from New York to the afternoon of the 4th:

The Richmond *Enquirer* of the 29th ult. says:—Mr. M. Browne, an Englishman, formerly editor of the New York *Journal of Commerce*, has been commissioned as acting secretary of state during the temporary absence of R. M. T. Hunter." This confirms the report that Hunter, with Brackenridge, had sailed from Halifax for Europe.

The Richmond papers of the 29th ult. say that Charlton was fired in several places on Sunday evening, the 28th. Several wooden buildings of small value were destroyed.

It is almost certain that the English will occupy Matamoras with a design, it is feared, of opening communication with the rebel states, by way of Brownsville, exporting cotton and importing contraband goods.

Five hundred bales of cotton had arrived at Panama from Peru, en route for England. A much larger amount is going via Cape Horn. It is stated to be of superior quality.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell and their secretaries embarked on the 1st inst., at Providence-town, on board the British steamer Rinaldo, for England. Their departure caused scarcely any excitement. The comments of the New York press on the subject are unimportant.

The New York *Tribune* states that Messrs. Mason and Slidell will only proceed to Halifax in the British steamer Rinaldo and that from Halifax they will proceed to Europe in the next Canadian steamer.

The uneasy feeling in the public mind in regard to the relations with England still continues. The belligerent tone of the English press and the British warlike preparations have caused the impression to gain ground that England will shortly make the subject of the blockade, or the fact of vessels being sunk in the southern harbours, a pretext for war with America.

The senate has agreed to Mr. Sumner's resolutions, asking the president to transmit to the senate all the correspondence which has taken place since the Paris congress in relation to neutral and belligerent rights upon the ocean.

It is reported that a strong effort will be made to repeal the Canadian reciprocity act.

A federal steamer has been dispatched to the coast of Europe for the protection of American commerce. Others are expected to leave shortly.

The New York Chamber of Commerce has remonstrated against the instructions of the secretary of treasury regarding the immediate action of the new tariff.

The New York press generally considers that there will be no American interference in Mexican affairs, unless a permanent Spanish occupation should be attempted.

The financial plans of the federal government attract much attention. The press continues to urge heavy taxation as the only legitimate means of relief.

The New York press is again speculating on an early advance of the federal army.

The confederates in Kentucky have destroyed a large portion of the railway between Louisville and Nashville.

The Charleston *Mercury* states that a large federal force had landed on North Edisto, and seized the railway station and some war vessels.

We have received by the *Persia* additional news to the 7th. The New York *Herald* announces that the Federals obtained a great victory at Hilton Head, near Port Royal, on the 3d inst. Troops and gunboats were engaged.

The Federals, it is stated, have advanced to within six miles of Charleston.

The Federal General is now on the mainland, awaiting reinforcements.

The steamship Vanderbilt has arrived at New York, from Port Royal, with 3,700 bales Sea Island cotton.

Skirmishes have taken place on the banks of the Potowmack and at Hancock, Maryland, but without any decided results.

A fight is reported to have taken place at Huntersville, Western Virginia, in which the Confederates retired with a loss of 80 killed and wounded, and 80,000 dollars' worth of clothing and stores.

HALIFAX, 9th Jan.—All is well with the *Persia*. She arrived at Cape Breton on the 6th inst., coal'd, and proceeded to St. John's, New Brunswick.

Messrs. Mason and Slidell have gone to Bermuda, and proceeded thence to Southampton.

THE TROOPS FOR CANADA.

The Secretary of the Admiralty has supplied the following intelligence, received by the *Persia*, which arrived at Liverpool in eight days from Halifax:—

The Adriatic left Halifax for St. John's on the 8th of January.

The *Mulgulena* arrived at Halifax on the 4th of January. The *Melbourne* arrived at Halifax on the 5th of January. The *Pomona* arrived at Sydney, Cape Breton, on the 6th of January.

The *Grants* arrived at Halifax on the 8th of January. The *Grants* arrived at St. John's on the 9th of January. The *Cambria* arrived at Halifax on the 9th of January.

The *City of Edinburgh* and *Hedda* were at Halifax.

Mr. JOHN C. BREWER.—From New York we learn that New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and leading cities throughout the country, have generally suspended specie payment. The interest on the public debt from 1st January next, will be paid in specie, but no longer in coin.

The *New-York Evening Post* says that the banks have resolved not to take up the sum of \$100 millions of the Federal loan. The New York *Commercial Advertiser* considers that the suspension of specie payment at the end of the present history, but only the issue of another loaf; and that a resort to immediate action, fully in proportion to the national expenses, is only needed to avoid a grand collapse at the conclusion of war.

The Cunard liner *Niagara*, arrived at Queenstown on the 11th, bringing intelligence from New York to the 9th.

In debate in Congress on the Trent question, Mr. Vallandigham expressed himself dissatisfied with the surrender of Mr. Mason and Slidell. He said that America would be at war with England in less than three months unless the Federal Government tamely submit to the recognition of the blockade.

Mr. Hutchins considered that Mr. Vallandigham wanted war with England for the benefit of the South.

Mr. Thomas was of opinion that England had done that which implanted in the American breast a sense of wrong, and should wait the opportunity to strike a blow of retributive war.

The Consul of New York, in his message, says that in a recent critical position of foreign relations, and by reason of the British government giving repeated evidences of unkindness, the demands of New York demand attention.

Mr. Clappington urges that rates or other barriers should be applied in the Narrows, in readiness to obstruct the Channel passage.

At a crowded meeting of British residents, held at the Union League in New York, an address of sympathy and support with the Queen was adopted.

The New York *Times* says that a Congressional Committee has reported a bill authorizing the issue of \$100,000,000 of demand notes, which will constitute a legal tender, and be convertible for Six per Cent. Bonds.

This bill also provides for the extension of similar privileges to demand notes already issued.

Richmond papers report the arrival at Charleston of the Confederate steamer *Isabel*, from Nassau, with a cargo of cotton.

The New York *Tribune* states that England intends to tax Matamoras, and to open a cotton trade with the South and Brownsville, Texas.

No new tea and coffee tariff will not be enforced on goods in bond.

The Federals have attacked the Confederates at Port Royal, and destroyed some Confederate works there.

No important military movements have taken place.

Mr. Sumner, in a speech which he delivered in the Senate, said that Captain Wilkes was not justified in seizing the Confederates, although in so doing he acted according to international law as expounded by British authorities. "If Captain Wilkes suspected the Trent," said Mr. Sumner, "he should have taken her into port for decision. No Federal court, however, recognising American precedents, could have lawfully released the Trent or detained the commissioners. Captain Wilkes, misled by a British law-book, violated American principles, England, by demanding the commissioners, stultified history and virtually acknowledged the justice of a position maintained by America." The American people, concluded Mr. Sumner, "are indebted to Captain Wilkes's act and Seward's statesmanship for a great political triumph."

The Congressional Committee have reported on the bill authorizing the issue of \$100,000,000 worth of demand notes, which will constitute a legal tender, be receivable for Government dues and exchangeable at any time for Six per Cent. Bonds' coupons or registered bonds.

The Senate has not yet passed the modified arrangement of Tea and Coffee Tariff Bill.

The New York *Tribune* states that Messrs. Zachary and others have been released from Fort Lafayette.

Several boxes of Canadian wool, marked "WD Rifle Brig., Aus. Calais," have been washed ashore at Asper Bay.

The steamer *Ella Whaley*, from Nassau, has run the blockade at Charleston.

The detailed intelligence from the United States brought by *Niagara*, adds but little to the telegraphic information stated in the foregoing paragraphs. The disaster at Bell's Pier, Edward's Ferry, had formed the subject of a debate in the House of Representatives, and a resolution requiring further explanations from the Secretary of War was adopted.

On the slavery question had again taken place, Congress had shaped no definite policy thereupon.

Sir George Clarke will, we believe, be Provisional Governor-General of India in the interval between the departure of Lord Canning and the arrival of Lord Elgin.

Colonel Tynte, M.P. for Bridgwater, was last week summoned for debt in the County Court. The Colonel made no appearance, and it was shown that he was not possessed of any means whatever, the cost of his maintenance being defrayed by his friends.

The Prince Consort left a will by which he bequeaths Balmoral, which was his own property, to her Majesty.

Our Princess Royal has addressed a graceful and feeling reply to the Council and magistrates of Berlin who presented her with an address of condolence upon the death of Prince Albert.

An order in Council directs that in all the prayers, litanies, and collects for the Royal family the words "Albert Edward Prince of Wales," be inserted instead of the words "Albert Prince of Wales."

In the new museum in Kew Gardens there is a specimen of cotton, 610 hanks, weighing only a pound (spun so fine); they measure more than 500,000 yards, or 25 miles in length. Muslins are made in India of so fine and delicate a texture as to be termed "woven air."

It is rumoured that the Duke of Cambridge is likely soon to resign his office as general commanding-in-chief. The state of his health is said to be the reason of this determination.

A shoemaker at Brentwood is said to have received an intimation that his wife, as the lineal descendant of a gentleman who died recently, is entitled to an inheritance of a cool million.

The number of persons applying to be admitted as attorneys during the present term, and to renew their certificates, is 118.

An elaborate table has been issued from the custom-house, Liverpool, in which it is shown that a decrease of £13,134,593 in the value of the exports of British and Irish goods has taken place in the course of last year.

A marriage is stated to be arranged between Mr. Charles Maitland and Hon. Eleanor Stanley, daughter of Mr. and Lady Mary Stanley, and niece of the Earl of Lauderdale. Miss Stanley is one of the maids of honour to her Majesty.

A domestic servant, named Emily Robinson, who resided at Cradley, near Leeds, was placing something upon the mantelpiece, when her crinoline came in contact with the fire, and she received injuries that terminated fatally.

The total number of calls to fires received during 1861 was 1,409; of these 89 were false alarms, 137 chimney alarms, and 1,183 were fires, of which 53 resulted in the total destruction of buildings, &c., 332 in considerable damage, and 798 in slight damage. This is an increase of 127 on 1860.

There are now three parliamentary seats vacant:—Shoreham, through the death of Sir Charles Burrell; Coleraine, by the demise of Dr. Boyd; and Great Grimsby, owing to Lord Worsley's accession to the Yarborough peerage.

ANOTHER CRINOLINE FATALITY.—On Wednesday morning a fatal accident occurred to Miss Mary Jones, residing at Woolwich, under the following melancholy circumstances. It appeared that the deceased was standing before the fire combing her hair, when her crinoline took fire. Her screams brought assistance, and with great difficulty the flames were extinguished. She was taken to Guy's Hospital where she expired.

The Prince Consort Memorial Fund, now being raised under the auspices of the Lord Mayor, is progressing very satisfactorily, subscriptions to the amount of between £6,000 and £7,000 having already been received. The Lord Mayor has addressed a circular to all the lords-lieutenant throughout the country, inviting their co-operation.

SEVERE GALES IN THE ATLANTIC.—RETURN OF A TRANSPORT.—The hired screw transport *Adelaide*, 2,050 tons, belonging to Messrs. Burgess and Stock, of London, put back to Plymouth on Wednesday morning, from the effects of the late gales. She was chartered by Government to take out the 15th Regiment, under the command of Colonel Cole, consisting of 31 officers and 720 non-commissioned officers and rank and file, to Halifax. She left Queenstown on the 4th inst. with the troops on board.

GREAT CATTLE SHOWS OF 1862 IN BATTERSEA-PARK.—The Royal Agricultural Society of England and the Highland and Agricultural Society of Scotland have arranged for a series of most interesting exhibitions of cattle, horses, sheep, pigs, and implements, to take place in the forthcoming months of May and June, in the spacious area of the New-park at Battersea. The prizes are to be open to general competition, and are divided into classes, fully set forth in the prospectus. There is also to be a grand international cattle show, the entries to close on the 1st of May, in which gold, silver, and bronze medals will be awarded for the Charolais, Geronnais, Norman, Pyrenean, Breton, Flemish, Dutch, Swiss, Spanish, Indian, and colonial breeds of cattle and horses. The aggregate announced prizes for British stock amount to £3,790, for foreign £800, and a further sum of £800 is given by the Highland Society, who will not hold their meeting in Scotland, but come to swell the great London gathering. There will be no trials of implements, as this might not accord with the arrangements of the international commissioners.

OXFORDSHIRE ELECTION.—The high Sheriff has fixed the nomination for this election on Tuesday, the 28th inst., and the polling will take place, by mutual agreement of the candidates, on the following Friday, the last day of the present month.

NEW ADDITIONS TO THE FLEET OF STEAMERS OF THE CUNARD LINE.—The new steamer *China* will arrive at Liverpool in a few days, from the Clyde, and will commence her first voyage across the Atlantic on the 15th of next month. The *China* will be the first screw steamer employed regularly by the Cunard line in their passenger business. The new paddle steamer *Scotia*, which is larger than the *Perseus*, and over 3,000 tons, built by Messrs. Napier, of Glasgow, will also start on her first Atlantic voyage next month.

DESTRUCTIVE FIRE AT WHITECHAPEL.—Shortly after six o'clock on Saturday morning a fire of an alarming character and which will involve a loss of several thousand pounds, broke out in the premises occupied by Mr. Augustus Smith, brush manufacturer, situated in Wentworth-street, Commercial-street, Whitechapel. By the calamity upwards of a hundred men will be thrown out of employment. It is only about seven years since that a similar misfortune occurred in the same place.

A RICH WORKING MAN.—We (*Falkirk Herald*) hear it rumoured that the late John Andrew, who had a considerate though but a workman—a fortune of upwards of £100,000, as

bequeathed his money as follows:—To his immediate relatives between £1,000, and £2,000; to the Synod of the United Presbyterian Church, for the furtherance of its foreign mission, £500; to the Scottish Society for the conversion of Israel, £500; to the Falkirk Charity and Ragged School and Female Benevolent Society, £500, for equal division; the reversion, after paying stamp and other dues, amounting to between £5,000 and £7,000, goes to the Edinburgh Bible Society, instituted 1839. Deceased was one of the most exact Bible critics in the district.

INSTALLATION OF THE DUKE OF DEVONSHIRE.—The installation of the Duke of Devonshire as Chancellor of the University of Cambridge took place at Devonshire house last week. The assembly present on the occasion comprised many distinguished men connected with the University. The Vice-Chancellor having presented the Duke with the letters patent of his office, and the Public Orator having read a Latin address, his Grace delivered an eloquent and appropriate speech, and the proceedings terminated.

THE CASE OF THE EUGENIE SMITH.—The correspondence relative to the case of the Eugenie Smith, has been published in the *Gazette*. It will be seen that the three American citizens who were seized on board of that vessel, under circumstances similar to the capture of Mason and Slidell, were immediately released, and that Mr. Seward expressed his disapproval of the act in the strongest terms. Another instance of the anxiety of the Federal Government to respect the spirit as well as the letter of the public law will be found in the same correspondence. Three British seamen who had been captured for a breach of blockade had been required to take an oath that they would never enter into an engagement to perform a similar proceeding. Mr. Seward absolved them from their oath, remarking, "that as the requirement referred to is not warranted by public law, the commanders of blockading vessels should be instructed not to exact any similar condition for the release of persons found on board vessels charged with a breach of blockade."

DISCHARGE OF MR. CORBETT FROM THE QUEEN'S PRISON.—This gentleman, whose name is well known in the various metropolitan law courts from the numerous applications of Mr. Cobbett to the judges to obtain what she designates justice for her much-injured husband, has at length been set at liberty. The provisions of the New Bankruptcy Act have reached him; and Mr. Registrar Hazlitt, in ordering his discharge from the Queen's Prison, adjudicated him bankrupt.

Mr. Cobbett declared that he did not want his sufferings complicated by being made a bankrupt; but the registrar's reply was that the object of the new Act was to simplify, not to complicate, matters. Mr. Cobbett then, stubborn to the last, protested against the adjudication of Mr. Hazlitt, and the master ended in the registrar ordering his immediate release.

The amount raised for the Roman Court by the Peter-pence collections is stated to be nearly four millions of Roman crowns.

THE GREAT THEATRE AT MOSCOW.—**SEE PAGE 245.** **LA SCALA** at Milan, Her Majesty's Theatre, the Paris Opera, the new Covent Garden, have all their devoted admirers, who believe entirely in their superior, size, elegance, or convenience, and patronise them sedulously; and they doubtless each of them boast of some especial perfection which they hope to hold unrivalled.

There is another candidate for universal admiration, however, which, although it lies at an inconvenient distance for most travellers to test its superiority, ranks high both for splendour of decoration and vast extent of area. This is the Great Theatre of Moscow, erected under the superintendence of M. Albert Cavaillé, Architect to the Court of Russia.

Of this magnificent edifice we find a detailed description in Mr. Sutherland Edwards's new and interesting work, entitled "The Russians at Home." From this we quote the following particulars:—

"There are five rows of boxes at the Moscow Opera House, besides an amphitheatre and a gallery, or 'paradis,' which occupies the whole of the top tier. There are sixteen boxes on the pit tier, thirty on the grand tier, or *bel étage*, and twenty on each of the amphitheatre tiers. Every box in the theatre has a room, or 'cabinet,' attached to it; those on the *bel étage* have 'cabinets,' which are so many little drawing-rooms, furnished with sofas, mirrors, and damask hangings. The usual allowance of chairs for each box is six, but there is plenty of room for ten or twelve persons, or even more, according to our Western notions of theatrical comfort. Each person taking a box is as much the proprietor of it for the evening as if it were his ordinary residence. It holds as many as you like to put into it; and, of course, for this very reason it is a proof of very bad taste to fill it.

"The Emperor has two boxes at the Moscow Theatre—one for gala nights in the middle of the *bel étage*, very magnificent, and reaching to the tier above; the other a comparatively quiet affair on the right of the stage, but, at the same time, the most richly-decorated proscenium-box ever seen. Adjoining the latter is a lofty and splendidly furnished drawing-room leading to a retiring-room. These apartments, to which there is a special staircase and entrance, are always prepared for the Emperor when he is in Moscow. Opposite the ordinary Imperial box is one set apart for the Ministers of State.

"For the general public there are on the ground floor about five hundred stalls. Each stall is a separate armchair, in which you can enjoy as much space as you would desire in any drawing-room. There is a passage down the middle of the 'stalls'—as in the pit of her Majesty's, only wider—and there is a passage all round them; so that at any period of the evening you can walk quietly to and from your place without惊扰ing either yourself or your neighbour.

"It may be mentioned that behind the stalls there are rows of seats with partitions (like the stalls at her Majesty's Theatre.) They let for about half the price of the stalls—two or three roubles—during the performance of the Italians, and three-quarters of a rouble afterwards—and correspond to our pit.

"The general appearance of the interior is brilliant and imposing. A great deal of gold is employed in the ornamentation, but it is distributed with taste. The panels of the boxes are white, ribbed with a delicate light blue, and are adorned with a gold scroll-work, the borders being pure white. The two proscenium-boxes seem built of gold; but they are very lofty, and have a light and elegant species of, in imitation of the rich rooms of the aristocracy. All the buildings are of stone on a black plan.

Home News.

The first Presbyterian Church, Antrim, was totally destroyed on Friday week.

The batch of sailing men-of-war, which were lately put up sale by orders of the board of Admiralty, realised nearly £100,000.

The money-order system is to be extended, on the 1st of January, to Victoria and Western Australia. The charge is 2s. for remittances under £5. Money Orders to the amount of £100 are now issued at all the money order offices throughout the kingdom. The charge for a £10 order is 1s.

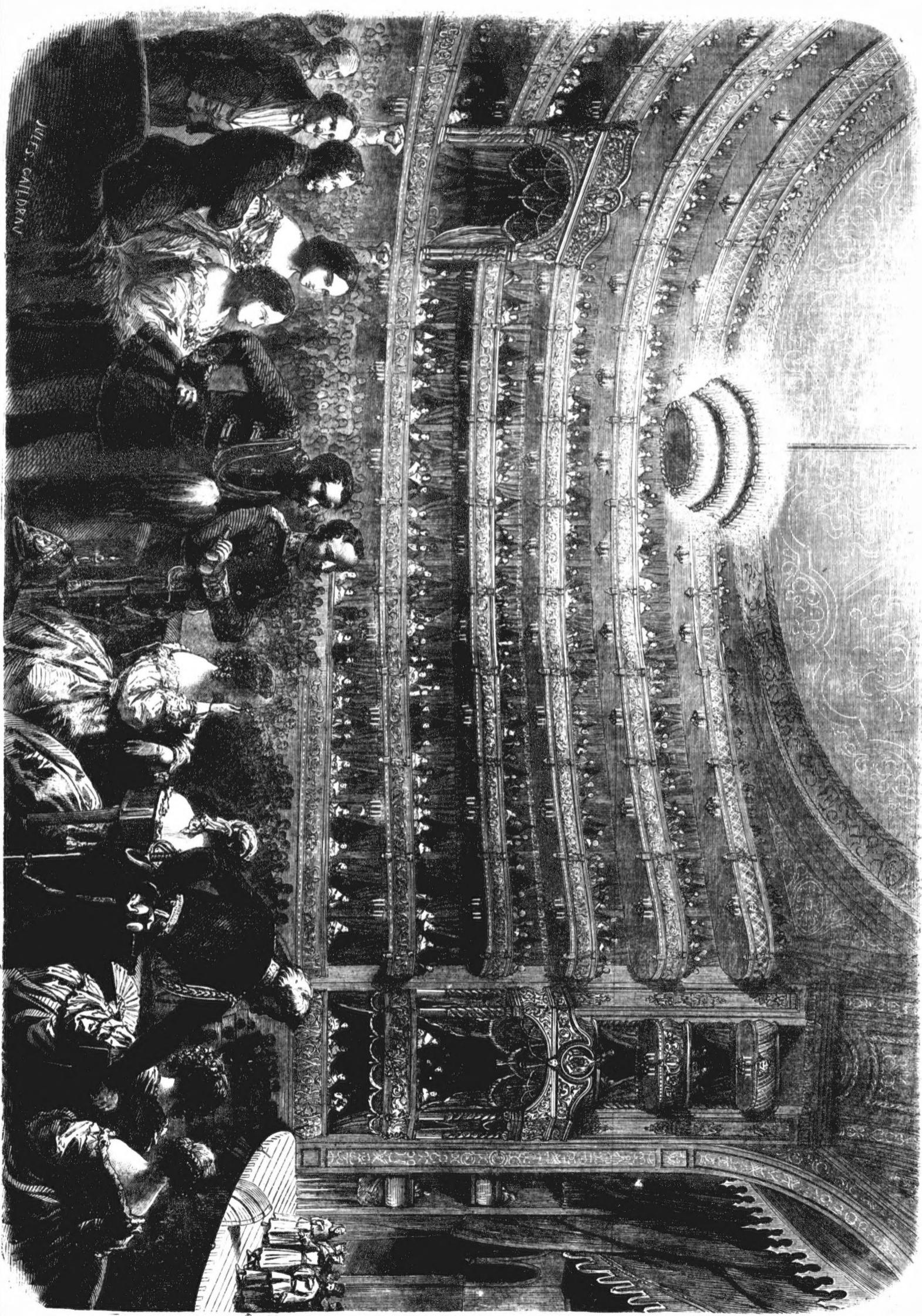
The master of the Mint is appointing local receivers of old coins and plate, whose duty it is to give new coin in exchange for old.



JAN. 25, 1862.

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

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LAW AND POLICE.

FORGERY ON THE BANK OF LONDON.—At Clerkenwell, on Wednesday, Mr. Britten, of 17, Hanover-street, was committed for trial (hall refused) on the charge of forging checks, with intent to defraud the Bank of London.

ACTION AND CROSS ACTION.—ALLEGED SEDUCTION.—In the Court of Queen's Bench, in the cases of White v. Howarth and Howarth v. White, Mr. T. Jones for Mr. White, asked to postpone for the present his motion for a new trial; Mr. E. James, his solicitor, being unwell.—Lord Chief Justice: That cannot be allowed. Who is more competent than yourself to make the motion?—Mr. Jones: Nobody but myself my lord (laughter).—Mr. Jones then said: These two actions were brought, one is the Exchequer, and the other is in this court. As both are out of the same circumstances, they were tried together at the East Liverpool Assizes before J. G. Crompton and a jury. One action was for seduction, the other was an action for alleged slander. It is reported that said seduction was taken place. The slander was that Mr. White, a dentist at Manchester, administered chloroform to Miss Howarth when she went to have a tooth extracted, and that while she was under its influence he effected her ruin.—Sir Jas. Crompton: The jury which tried the two cases gave a farthing damages for the slander, and £10. for the seduction, and they found she was not reduced whilst under the influence of chloroform. The Court after a long argument refused to grant the rule for a new trial.

THE EAST END SEDUCTION CASE.—IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS, THURSDAY.—was heard the case of Happin v. Nunn. The defendant and the plaintiff's daughter Eliza were frequenters of the Eagle Tavern (the Greco-Saloon), and in an action against the defendant for seduction at the sittings after last term, Mr. Justice Willes directed a non-suit, but took a verdict from the jury for £25, with leave for the plaintiff to move.—Mr. Huddleston now moved that the verdict be entered for the plaintiff for £25. The facts were:—That the daughter lived with her mother (the plaintiff) till two months before her confinement. She went to work, and earned £1. to 2s. a week, which she gave to her mother. The mother, on discovering her daughter's pregnancy, ordered her to leave home, and she was confined elsewhere. The judge said there was no loss of services sufficient to maintain the action and directed a non-suit, but first asked the jury to assess the damages.—Mr. Justice Willes: The reason why the damages were no more than £25 was that the girl was in the habit of frequenting a dancing school. The jury found that the defendant was father of the child, but that he had not in the ordinary sense seduced the girl. He (Mr. Justice Willes) acted on the case of Egger v. Grimwood, in which it was held that no loss of service was necessary.—Mr. Huddleston referred to Joseph v. Cavener, in which it was held, "Action lies, though the daughter was not confined before action brought, and though plaintiff had voluntarily turned her out of door, on discovering her pregnancy."—Rule granted.

A STATIONERS' CLERK.—At the Mansion House, on Thursday, Charles Anne Foster was charged as follows:—Mr. Edward Pentress, of Pentress and Co., 20, Gracechurch-street, who sells stationery, said the prisoner was his clerk, and he had to receive money and to account for the receipts each day. Witness now produced two receipts in the prisoner's handwriting for £8 16s. 6d. and £8 13s. respectively received on the 12th October and 14th December, 1861, from Messrs. Howards and Co., of 2, Watling-street, neither of which was accounted for. Proof was given that sum were paid to the prisoner. It was also proved that the prisoner had not accounted for £15. 1s. 6d. received from Mr. J. Burgess, Commercial-road, on the 21st of October. It appeared that Mr. Pentress had some knowledge of the prisoner's family, and on learning from the prisoner's wife that the prisoner was in Newgate for some offence, he got him out and took him into his employment. Soon after he discovered that the prisoner had embezzled several sums of money, but on his professing remorse Mr. Pentress, out of feeling for the prisoner's wife, kept him in his service, till he was found on Tuesday last that he had again acted dishonestly.—Committed for trial.

SAD OCCURRENCE AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM.—At Bow-street, last week, Robert Heady, aged 17, was charged as follows:—S. A., said he was called into the British Museum in consequence of a dispute between the prisoner and his father, and the person present handed witness the pistol, bullet, and wadding produced. The father refused to give the prisoner in charge or to give evidence against him.—Mr. Ready said it was very hard on a father to prosecute his own son.—Mr. Hall, though sympathising with the father's feelings, said that a son could not be allowed with impunity to shoot a father's life.—Mr. Ready then, with evident reluctance, said he was a copyist in the British Museum, and the defendant was employed under him. This afternoon he told defendant not to take copies of anything under witness's care; and suspecting that he had some coins and came in his possession the property of the Museum, witness was about to search him, when he took from his pocket the pistol produced; witness seized it, and a struggle ensued, which lasted for twenty minutes; a witness was nearly overpowered, when some persons came to his aid. Witness heard that the prisoner had used threats against him, and witness goes in danger of his life unless the prisoner is restrained by law.—Mr. Edward Gerrard, employed in the Museum, in the next room to Mr. Ready, said on hearing a scream, he went into Mr. Ready's room and found the parties struggling. Mr. Ready said his son had attempted to shoot him. Witness then questioned the son, who said he had carried the pistol for some weeks, intending to shoot his father; it was loaded.—Mr. E. F. Tilley, also employed in the Museum, said he extracted from the pistol the bullet, powder, and wadding produced. Twenty per cent caps were found upon the prisoner.—The prisoner: I have nothing to say to do me any good.—He was ordered to find two sureties in £50 each and himself in £50 to keep the peace for six months.—He was removed in the prison van.

THE RIFLE VOLUNTEERS.—In the Court of Exchequer, was heard Croft v. Stevens, an action for libel. Plea—No. Guilty, and justification. The plaintiff, Dr. Croft, of Mandarin Villa, St. John's Wood, a captain-commandant in the 1st Middlesex Artillery Volunteer Corps, of which the defendant, a retired major in the Madras cavalry, was adjutant. A letter, purporting to be written by defendant to Messrs. Richards and Co., ordered that firm to send a target of the Government pattern, to No. 3, Hanover-square (the head-quarters of the corps). It was sent, but the defendant repudiated the order, as not being in his handwriting, but fictitious, and that it was written by the plain inf., and the jury found a verdict that there was no malice on the part of the defendant, and for the plaintiff, as to the hand-writing—damages £5—leave being given to enter a morsum, on the ground that the communication was privileged. A rifle was obtained last term, and Sergeant Shee now moved to make the rule absolute. Counsel on the other side was not present. The Court said the rule must be made absolute. Mr. Hawkins, who had been engaged in another court, came in and showed cause. He said the corps had been greatly annoyed, as all sorts of orders had been given.—The Lord Chief Baron: What orders?—Mr. Hawkins: Well, my lord, there were orders for nurses, and for perambulators, and for cats, and they all attended, but the dogs which were ordered did not come, perhaps from an instinct of a master which had occurred to one of their race at Wimbledon (great laughter).—The Lord Chief Baron: We adhere to our opinion.—Rule absolute.

CHARGE OF BIGAMY AGAINST A PHYSICIAN.—At Marylebone, last week, William Boyd, aged 52, physician, of 18, Mickleburgh-square, was charged with marrying Elizabeth Carew, on the 27th Oct., 1860, his wife Louisa Elizabeth being then alive.—Richard Easton, of Tanton, Somersetshire, solicitor, produced three certificates of marriage, one in 1822, the second in 1832, and the third in 1860. In two of them the name was "William Boyd," in the third it was "William Cathcart Boyd." The signatures in the original entries were in the prisoner's hand writing; one of the marriages was in Ireland. Witness believes William Boyd and "William Cathcart Boyd" to be the same person. The three wives are still alive. The witnesses of the first marriage are all dead.—Prisoner: Then sad family affair, a dispute. The gentleman (Mr. Easton): the person who has entreated the lady to whom I am married. He wants on the part of the Carew family, to get her into a lunatic asylum. The prosecution is put up for the purpose of getting her money. She was taken to a doctor, or one was produced, and told to take the money from her pockets. This marriage was contracted by me when I was a mere boy of eighteen.—Mr. Mansfield: If you have anything to say you had better reserve it till you have consulted your solicitor.—Prisoner: I am much obliged to you, sir.—Detective Thomas said that when he read the warrant to the prisoner, the prisoner said (when witness spoke of the second marriage) "It is so, but a day or two ago I was separated from my wife."—Prisoner: I am the party, your worship, that the Emperor Napoleon made so liberal a reward to for my history of literature; and I insist, tell you, sir.—Mr. Mansfield: I think, sir, you had better not say anything further till you have consulted your legal adviser.—Prisoner: I thank your worship. I am a fool conspiracy. He was remanded on bail of £500 and two recognisances of £200 each. Notice 24 hours to be given.

THE ENAMELLER OF LADIES' FACES.—In the Insolvent Debtors Court on Friday, in re Rachel Levison, of New Bond-street and Brighton, enameller of ladies' faces. This was a final examination meeting. On a former examination it was objected that the insolvent was not of age when she petitioned. She was required to produce the book containing the names of the ladies, or "patients," as they were

called, who had employed her. She now said that she could not find the book, and she said that none of the ladies entered therein owed her money. She also said she had not sold any of the £115 worth of oil and drugs which she bought some months ago. Some were spoiled—Mr. Macrae said she must have made a large sum of money. There was sufficient Otto of roses supplied to have sweetened the Thames (laughter). Then, said counsel, there was perfume sufficient for three parfumes, and enough blomme to destroy the faces of half a million of young ladies. (Loud laughter).—Mr. Commissioner Nichols said question had been raised as to the insolvent's age when she petitioned in August last, and it appeared that she was born on the 4th of January, 1841, and therefore was not of age until the 4th of January, 1862. Then as to whether no infant could petition, it had been held that a child could not be executed, and therefore he would not sustain the petition. The petition was dismissed, and Madame Rachel, who had been out on bail, was conveyed to Whitecross-street prison.

SINGULAR CHARGE AGAINST AN ARTIST.—At Farnham petty sessions, on Thursday, before Mr. F. R. Thresher and Captain Nicholson, Thomas Hunter, of Guildford, artist and drawing master, was charged with uttering and forging railway tickets, with intent to defraud the South Western Railway Company. The prisoner, a young man who has moved in highly respectable circles, was undefended. A large number of witnesses were examined, and the hearing of the case occupied the court five or six hours. From the evidence of Mr. Dyson, the station master at Guildford; Mr. Nanson, printer to the company; and officials at Guildford, Tongham, and Farnham stations, it appeared that the following were the particulars of the case:—For some months past, at the head office in London, irregularities and deficiencies have been discovered in the ticket account, in consequence of which suspicion was at first directed against the company's servants. Further inquiries, however, led the company to set a watch upon the movements of Mr. Hunter, who, in the exercise of his profession, has, for a long time past, been a frequent traveller by the South Western Railway. On the 23rd of December, 1861, Police-constable Titley, who was taking tickets at the Guildford station, received from prisoner one which bore evident marks of having been altered; and on the 4th inst., when prisoner entered a carriage at Guildford, without taking any ticket, Mr. Dyson travelled by the same train to Farnham, and there saw Hunter giving a ticket to the collector, which ticket Mr. Dyson immediately secured. It appeared upon examination that the number on the date of the ticket had been altered, and that the ticket bearing the same number had not been issued that day at Guildford. The prosecution alleged that the prisoner had taken tickets on previous occasions, and, by halting at the station to which he was going until the collector had let his post, passed through without giving them up, and then altered the numbers and dates for use in future journeys. The forgery was cleverly executed that none but an experienced eye could detect it. The prisoner was committed to take his trial at the next assizes for the county of Surrey.

RAILWAY ROBBERIES.—A well-dressed young man, who gave the name of George Anderson, but whose real name was withheld on account of his family, who are highly respectable, was charged with stealing a black leather bag and its contents, belonging to Major M'Kinnon at the Great Northern Railway station. On the 8th of this month Major M'Kinnon was waiting at the station for the departure of a train, having placed a black bag with the rest of his luggage close against the refreshment-room door, upon the platform. The prisoner, who had been also seen on the platform, took his departure rather suddenly, and the bag in question was afterwards found at the apartments belonging to him, together with various articles that had been in it. The prisoner had been tried at Dover on a similar charge only a few weeks ago, and was remitted until Thursday upon the second charge.

THE CORIN ROBBERS AT FRESHFORD.—The prisoner, Edward Smith, builder, Wm. Marchant, sexton, and Henry Mustey and Gile Broad, labourers, who were charged with being concerned in the shameful desecration of the dead and robbery of coffins at Freshford church near Bath, were brought last week under remand before the magistrates, acting for the western division of the county of Somerset; and, after some further evidence, the magistrates determined upon committing the whole of the prisoners for trial at the next Somerseshire assizes, agreeing, however, to accept substantial bail, except in the case of Chapman, for whom it was refused.

THE PRIVILEGES OF FREE VINTNERS.—Mr. Corrie has delivered judgment in the case of J. Earle Padgett, against whom an information had been filed at Bow street, containing two counts, each claiming £25 penalty for selling wine without a license in two places, viz., in Moorgate-street, and in St. George's-place Knightsbridge. It was proved that he had no license under the acts of Parliament, but the Crown admitted that he was a freeman, and entitled to a wine in one place, but only in one place, and that he was liable to the penalties for selling wine in two places at one time. These proceedings were taken under the 2nd V. c. 27, s. 45, and the question was whether that clause meant that the act did not affect the Free Vintners at all, or that it merely reserved their privileges. He felt inclined to take the latter view. The question then was, what are the privileges of Free Vintners? The charter of James I., in 1611, empowered Free Vintners to sell wine in any quantities where they pleased; and the 12th Charles II., c. 25, also imposed duties on the sale of wine, but that act reserved the rights of the Free Vintners. The act 30 Geo. II., c. 29, also made an exception in favour of Free Vintners; and the act 32 Geo. II., confirmed a license to one place. Now that restriction in the act 32 Geo. II., showed that and it does not bind under the 32 Geo. II., has been carried out in many places; and if a licensee could do so, so likewise could a free vintner who had no license. It is clear, therefore, that so long ago as the 30th Geo. II., the Free Vintners had this privilege, and there was nothing in subsequent acts to restrict it. The defendant has therefore established his right to sell in several places, and he should discharge the summons.—Mr. Corrie then granted a case for the consideration of the Court of Queen's Bench, and drew it in the terms of the judgment as stated above.

THE ESSAYS AND REVIEWS.—The argument in this tedious case closed last week by Dr. Dean's reply. At the close of his argument the learned gentleman said the whole tendency of Dr. Williams' writings was to vindicate the historical accuracy of the scriptures. And how, sir, what is the story on the other side? It is well told: it is sketched by a master's hand. Possibly one might suggest that fidelity alone might suggest that the story is true, but the unextracted, but in the extracted, passages, that there may be a form of ritual in which we cannot concur. There may, my lord, be a faith and a system of religion which shall speak to the senses and to the imagination, and which yet shall leave the heart untouched and unimpaired. The eye, the ear, the very sense of smelling, may each in turn be brought to bear; and what is the consequence? It has been said to heat and inflame the imagination. No light can reach the souls of these travelling through countries where superstition dominates. There are some who hold that there is a step between God and man—that the Holy Virgin, or some other saint, stands in the place of the Saviour; but there is a medium course. We all know full well that many a man has left the free and open fields of the Church of England for the barren strand, not of atheism or infidelity, but of something else, which I need not name. Is the history of the 18th century to be repeated? I know not. But I will venture to say—these are my last words—that God did not utter "let there be light and darkness," that man should walk in darkness; and if this prosecution should succeed, I do wish with the greatest humility and respect venture to affirm that man must, more or less, walk in darkness. Now, sir, I believe the argument is over. The result is in your hands.—Dr. Lushington: I must take time to consider the judgment.

THE ALLEGED ATTEMPT TO MURDER IN LAMBETH.—Alfred Henry Cates surrendered at the Lambeth offices on Monday in discharge of his recognizances, to be finally examined on a charge of striking his wife so violently with a poker, on the head, that her life was for some time in imminent danger. The details of the affair have been already reported. Mr. Elliott was about to commit the prisoner for trial, but, on the testimony before given being read over to Mrs. Cates, she declared she did not recollect a word of it, nor ever having seen the magistrate at the hospital. Mr. Elliott upon this directed that her deposition should be taken afresh. When sworn, she said that in the morning in question her husband went out, and on her getting up she missed her glass. On his return home she asked him for his glass, some money, or the poker, when he said he knew nothing about it, and she seized and shook him. She also got into a violent passion, rushed to the fire-piece, and seizing the poker was about to strike her husband with it, when he struggled with her for some time. During the struggle she dealt a knock on the head which she knew was accidental, as she was satisfied her husband, who had always been a kind and good husband to her, would not intentionally injure her. Mr. Elliott observed that, with testimony like that just given, it would be useless to send the case for trial, and, therefore, discharged the prisoner.

A MILLIONAIRE IN THE QUEEN'S PRISON.—In the matter of Mr. Whittington which came before Mr. Registrar Hazell, on Monday, was elicited that the prisoner was assessed on forty thousand pounds a year, a fabulously amount. When summoned to appear before the magistrate at first positively refused to come, but upon his being induced to do so such refusal would lead to a transference to the county gaol, so he seated himself, and ten hours a protest, which, however, was not read by the court. In the course of his examination he said that he was not in custody for debt, but for debts in a case which was brought against Mr. Howells, M.P., for trespass on land, and that the alleged that the costs were really costs of the case, and that the proceeding were still pending, his incurred, which was about £1,000. He stated that he had no debts, and that his assets amounted to £10,000. In America, Australia, and the Falkland Islands he was possessed of 100 square miles of virgin land, and the bill of £43,000 in trying to establish a colony there. He had a large amount of property of various kinds to the amount of £20,000. The magistrate overruled his objection to being adjudged in bankruptcy on the ground that the words of the Act gave jurisdiction over assets detained in custody for any debt, claim, or demand. He then judged him a bankrupt with an instant discharge. The prisoner failed to accept his protest, as it was "fairy," and subsequently he stated that he would not leave the prison until he was allowed to eject him.

SHELF-LIFTING EXTRAORDINARY.—Elizabeth Desmond was charged on Saturday, at Worplesdon-street, on remand, with stealing a pocket-handkerchief, value £3, the property of Mr. Charles Hay, Linendraper, of High-street, Wantage. On the afternoon of that inst., the prisoner entered the shop, and requested to look at a gentleman's pocket-handkerchiefs. She was shown several pieces, selected two handkerchiefs and some elastic, which came to £3. The bill was made out, and she then ran from the shop on which she had been sitting, and said, "I have no change; I am out of the day close by, and I'll come in again for the handkerchiefs." She was asked what change she required, and she stated for a £5 note. She was given a £2 note, and left the shop. She was watched into Mr. Ward's shop, a chemist; but when she came out, instead of returning her to the direction of the railway station, Nothing was noticed at the time; but as her conduct had been very suspicious, she was followed to the platform of the station, and, when spoken to by a sergeant, she stated that she had come to meet a friend. She also said that she had no railway ticket, and declined to produce the note. She was asked if she would return and pay for the goods, to which she agreed. When they reached Mr. Haydon's shop, she stated that she had money, and that she thought she had a £5 note when she left the shop. She was taken into custody for having a piece of £3 of her strange initials upon it in her possession. She declared that it belonged to her. Even at that time Mr. Haydon had not made any payment. At the police station, when she was searched, she took two pocket-handkerchiefs from under her crinoline, and said they belonged to Haydon. She had in her possession £4.1, only in money, two £1 and a new umbrella. Mr. Dayman sentenced her to six months' imprisonment with hard labour.

ACCIDENTS AND OFFENCES.

FATAL POACHING CASE.—A fatal poaching affray has taken place near Carlisle. Some poachers of salmon, being interrupted by watchers, a desperate fight took place in which one of the latter, an old man named Atkinson, was killed. Another of the watchers was severely wounded, dreadfully beaten. Several persons supposed to be implicated in the outrage have been arrested.

MURDER IN THE QUEEN'S COUNTY.—On Sunday last, during absence of the family at mass, Ambrose Spencer, a farmer's wife, residing in the townland of Clona-Bill, Queen's County, Ireland, was struck on the neck and head, from the effects of which she died the following day. Robbery was the motive of this outrage, as a box in the house was broken open, and a sum of £25 taken therefrom. Two persons, namely Jeremiah Moon and John Herderington, have been arrested, and remanded by the magistrates.

FIVE MEN KILLED AND THREE HUNDRED BURIED ALIVE.—One of the most dreadful colliery accidents that has occurred in this country for several years last took place Friday morning, at New Starley colliery, Newcastle-on-Tyne. The mine pit is situated close to the Hartley Junction of the By the Tyne Railway, and is the western inlet of the mine. The works have been carried on by means of a single shaft passing through the main, at a depth of about seventy fathoms and penetrating the coal seam, which here lies at about 100 fathoms below the surface. The adjoining the shaft, on the east side, stands a substantial stone building containing the machinery employed for keeping the coal seam dry. The pumping engine is a powerful 100-horse power engine, equal to 100 horse power. The beam of this machine weighs an immense bar of iron, weighing about forty tons—such a mass indeed is one which is supposed capable of enduring a greater strain than any to which could possibly be subjected. The process of raising the shaft has just been commenced, and of the 20 fathoms of roadway below the main, only two sets, or about 16 feet, had been cut back. The third set was on its way, which just as the cage in which the miners were "riding" had got half-way up, the beam of the pumping engine broke in two at the pivot, the projecting outer half—the beam of iron weighing upwards of 20 tons—falling with a tremendous crash right into the centre of the shaft. The ponderous mass seemed to have stuck to the brattice, and so violent was the shock that the whole wooden framework, extending from the top to the bottom of the shaft, gave way as it had been a bundle of rags. The miners who were in the cage were killed on the spot, and two of them were buried in the mine, the others were buried in the pit. This avalanche of falling rubbish was, as we have said, counteracted by the ascending cage, containing eight miners, about half way up the shaft. The survivors of the party, we understand, say that they first observed something shot past them with the velocity of a thunderbolt, and presently found themselves overwhelmed by a pile of broken beams and planks. The iron cage in which they were ascending was shattered to pieces by the shock, and two of the unfortunate ones were killed on the spot, and the others were ultimately rescued. The mass of rubbish completely filled the lower part of the shaft, so as to cut off all chance of escape by that route for the 20 men and boys employed in the mine. Up to the time of writing the 250 men at the bottom of the shaft are still entombed, and the most active exertions are being made to extricate the poor fellows from their perilous position. We do not state, however, that up to Saturday night all the efforts which have been put forth had not proved successful in entirely removing the obstruction, although the unfortunate men had then endured 12 hours of imprisonment in the bowels of the earth. It is to be feared that some of them in this dreadful interval have died of exhaustion, but we hope that the next intelligence may be more cheering. All that available energy and practical knowledge could have been brought to bear on their rescue. Great exertions have been making for several days to establish a communication with the men below with the object of effecting their rescue, but up to the last accounts without success. Development of choke damp (carbonic acid gas) is a fact of course completed the catastrophe. The Newcastle Journal of Thursday evening gives the following latest particulars:—An inquest was held this afternoon at Seaton Delaval on the bodies of five men who were found in the shaft while ascending in the cage. The evidence was to the effect that the beam was a pure accident, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect. Operations in the shaft may be considered absolutely suspended, as far as relates to anything but the removal of the mass of debris which had been caused by the explosion of the gas. The Newcastle Journal of Thursday evening gives the following latest particulars:—An inquest was held this afternoon at Seaton Delaval on the bodies of five men who were found in the shaft while ascending in the cage. The evidence was to the effect that the beam was a pure accident, and the jury returned a verdict to that effect. 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NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.

The unexampled success of "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS," since it first appeared, three months ago, encourages us to make renewed efforts to merit a continuance and an increase of the favour we at present enjoy. Our subscribers have already had a fair sample of what we mean to do. We have shown that it is not only possible to produce, but we have produced, a first class family and general newspaper, illustrated by the ablest artists of the day, for One Penny.

We do not mean to stop here. We intend to continue making improvements in every department of our journal until "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS" is acknowledged to be the best illustrated paper ever published.

To this end we have had cast a complete new font of fine clear type, which will enable us to compress much additional news into our columns, and in order to place the mechanical department beyond all comparison, the quality of the paper will be greatly improved.

In the Literary and Artistic Departments we are determined to stand unrivalled. Arrangements have been made with various gentlemen eminent in Literature and Art. In proof of this the pencil of the inimitable and world-renowned "Phiz" (Hablot K. Brown, Esq.), has been engaged. The first illustration by this popular artist appears in the present number, in illustration of "The Shadow of Wrong."

Our next number will be set up in our new font of type, which will enable us to devote considerably more space to our News Department.

With those improvements we confidently place before the public "THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS" as an unequalled family journal of general information, literature, and art.

NOTICE TO THE TRADE.

Contents, posters, and other bills, may be had on application at the office, 13, Catherine-street, Strand.

Notes
ON PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

NEW ROYALTY.—In our last impression we noticed the Burlesque by Mr. J. H. Tully, on "Il Trovatore," since which we have seen a new farce by Messrs. Hopkins and Gaston Murray, entitled "A Nice Quiet Day," one scene of which is remarkable for the comic powers of its authors. The one we allude to is an umbrella scene, where three men endeavour to conceal themselves from one another by means of umbrellas. A great deal of fun is obtained by the trying situation of the parties, and their efforts to escape from the house unrecognised. The piece is smartly and cleverly written, and deserved to be better placed upon the stage. The scene is supposed to represent one of a gentleman's suites of chambers, elegantly furnished, but all the furniture displayed on the stage was an umbrella stand placed against the bare walls of a room, that sadly required fresh papering. The farce was well acted by all concerned, especially by Messrs. Worboys and Warren. On Saturday an entirely new Operetta arranged from, and with all the original music of Offenbach's Opera Buffo, "Le Marriage aux Lanternes," by Mr. B. Barnett, was produced with complete success. The plot which is of very slight material, in which love forms the main, and marriage the result, is sufficient to introduce some smart and sparkling writing by Mr. Barnett. It is well acted, and the music, which is exceedingly pretty and telling, is well sung by Misses Stanley, H. Payne, Mason, and Mr. John Morgan. The proprietors, we understand, have in preparation a new burlesque from the pen of Mr. William Buchanan.

OLYMPIC.—The fairy extravaganza by Mr. F. C. Burnand, entitled the "King of the Merrives, or the Prince and the Piper," continues to attract here. The piece, excellently written, quite in the Planché style, abounding with neat and elegant jokes and repartees, is an admirable specimen of the author's humorous powers. It is well acted throughout. Mr. F. Robson, (who although he does not seem quite so much at home in "Dan the Piper," as in other characters of a similar kind in which we have seen him), plays with his accustomed energy and pathos, with an appropriate amount of humour. Mr. G. Cooke is very good as the King "Gringuffo," and Mr. Gaston Murray, excessively humorous as his Prime Minister "Muffrum," making an indifferent part stand prominent. We hope to see a better opportunity afforded this rising young actor for the display of his comic powers. Miss Cottrell looks very pretty as the "Princess," and sings the Carnival of Venice, with variations, very creditably, although we think taxing too much at present her vocal powers. The "Prince Teague O'Connor" of Miss Hughes is a charming performance, by far the best represented character in the piece. She is dressed and made up like Fechter in Hamlet, giving an excellent imitation of that gentleman, and plays the part with great point and humour, with a full appreciation of the puns and jokes entrusted to her, also singing the music in a masterly style. The great charm of her vocalization is, that of hearing what she sings; and the proper amount of feeling and animation she exhibits in her style of singing, reflects great credit on her and her musical instructor whoever he may be. She has in this Extravaganza achieved deservedly a triumph in vocal art, duly recognised nightly by discriminating audiences. Miss Stevens as the King's daughter whose hand in marriage is refused by the "Prince," Mrs. Emden as "Nora," and the three Conspirators by Messrs. Rivers, Cooper, and Franks, deserve honourable mention. A very pretty Ballet has been arranged by M. Milano, in which Miss Clara Morgan, and M. Milano, assisted by a well trained Corps de Ballet, appear. The "Lottery Ticket" has been played as an after piece during the week, in which Mr. F. Robson appears in his great character of "Wormwood."

LYCEUM.—The drama of "The Peep o' Day," and the extravaganza of "Little Red Riding Hood," bid fair to keep the stage of this theatre for some time to come. Miss Lydia Thompson, in the various parts which she assumes looks as charmingly piquante, and dances with as much grace as ever.

CALDWELL'S JUVENILE BALL.—On Friday evening a grand juvenile ball was given by Mr. Caldwell at his academy in Dean-street, Soho. The attendance was very large, and the little ones enjoyed themselves heartily, not only in the dance, but in a variety of amusing games. The result of these gatherings should be very satisfactory to all parties concerned.

GALLERY OF ILLUSTRATION.—Mr. Mark Lemon's discourses "About London" have reached the second stage, and he now takes his hearers outside the walls of Old London. This lecture is, like the former one, illustrated by a number of remarkably fine diagrams, and the lecturer interests and instructs his audience at the same time.

Mr. and Mrs. German Reed and Mr. John Parry continue to draw large audiences to this place of amusement every evening.

The Victoria, the Survey, and other third-class houses, continue to deal largely in melodrama and pantomime.

It is rumoured that Drury Lane will compete with Her Majesty's and Covent Garden Theatres in the atone of Italian operatic season.

MUSIC.

God Bless our Widowed Queen.—Words by W. S. PASSMORE, Music by W. T. WRIGHTON.—London: R. Cocks and Co.

Such sentiments as are infused in this beautiful and earnest prayer cannot fail to be a true rendering of the present feelings of the nation at large, and must, therefore, find a fervent and responsive echo in the hearts of all. The melody is arranged in that simple and effective manner which harmonizes in true sympathy with the deep pathos expressed in the subject.

Is moriam.—By BRINLEY RICHARDS.—London: R. Cocks and Co.

Although the comparatively restricted character of such a subject as this does not afford its author much latitude for any great display of artistic taste in composition, yet Mr. Brinley Richards has succeeded in producing, as an *andante con moto*, a sweetly plaintive and appropriate elegy "*in memoriam*" of His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, which cannot fail to win for itself an unlimited popularity.

Dead March in Saul.—By G. T. WEST.—London: R. Cocks and Co.

Mr. West has been highly successful in producing from one of Handel's greatest works, a powerfully effective and easy edition for the pianoforte. It is arranged in the key of C, and forms part (No. 9), of the author's second series of "Gems from the Great Masters."

The Brook.—London: Robert Cocks and Co.

This is one of the Poet Laureate Tennyson's most pleasing songs, set to an attractive and not difficult air, by Miss M. Lindsay, (Mrs. J. Worthington Bliss.)

Ever Near.—Words by J. E. CARPENTER, Music by STEPHEN GLOVER.—London: B. Williams.

Amid the multiplicity of poetical and musical compositions with which the musical world is inundated, none perhaps has arrested our attention in a more gratifying manner than the one now before us. The words possess a degree of piquancy and originality which form a striking contrast to the everyday style of so-called poetry. But the air, adapted for either a tenor soprano, or baritone voice, and which forms the chief attraction in this composition, is imbued with that indescribable charm of flowing beauty and simplicity, that cannot fail to render it a favourite with our musical friends.

FEDERAL AND CONFEDERATE STEAMERS IN THE SOUTHAMPTON WATERS.—SEE PAGES 243 AND 249.

In our two page cut of to-day will be found a correct representation of the rival steamers in the Southampton waters—the Nashville, the Confederate cruiser, is seen lying at her berth in the dock; the Tuscarora is observed at anchor, some distance down the river; while the Dauntless, as a British guardship, is stationed still lower down, to act as John Bull's policeman, and see that no breach of the international peace takes place in British waters. Last week we gave the particulars of the circumstances which had brought the antagonistic steamers into a British port, and their behaviour since arrival. We now add such additional particulars as may be necessary for a full understanding of this curious American "blockade."

The Government have taken steps to prevent any breach of international law or the violation of the neutrality of a British port being committed. Captain Craven, the commander of the Tuscarora, has been officially informed that he will not be allowed to make any hostile movement; that the neutrality of the port will be strictly enforced, and that should the Nashville take her departure first, the Tuscarora will not be permitted to leave her mooring until twenty-four hours afterwards. Captain Craven has, it is said, intimated to Captain Patey, the Admiralty agent here, his intentions to abide by these orders of the Government; and the same instructions have been communicated to Captain Pegram with regard to the Nashville, who has likewise assented to the same. To prevent any attempt on the part of the Tuscarora to evade the demands made by the Government, the Dauntless, which lies off Netley Abbey, about three miles lower down the river, has been fully manned and equipped. She has orders to keep steam up, and is brought to by a spring cable, ready to prevent any act of aggression on the part of the Federal vessel. It is also arranged that, should necessity require it, the Dauntless can signal the Warrior, which vessel is lying off Osborne with her fires banked up. Her Majesty's dispatch-boat Argus, Captain Wincroft, came up from Portsmouth on Monday evening, and anchored off the entrance to the docks. A guard was sent ashore from her, with orders to keep watch at the dock gates till midnight, when they were relieved by men from the Dauntless frigate. Relays have also been kept on duty during the day at the entrance gates and in different parts of the docks.

It is said that double pay has been offered to induce seamen to ship on board the Nashville. If she could get twenty-four hours' start of her Federal rival she would get out of the British Channel before the Federal ship could leave Southampton. The Nashville has coal enough on board to carry her across the Atlantic, and as she lightened she would steam about fifteen knots an hour, so that it would be impossible for the Tuscarora, which is said to be a much slower vessel, to catch her. Should such, however, happen to be the case, Captain Pegram has declared that sooner than be captured he would run the Nashville right into the Tuscarora, at the risk of sinking both ships and of both crews perishing. A later report is to the effect that the Nashville has been disposed of to an English firm, by which she will be employed in her former capacity of a purely commercial vessel.

The commanders of the Nashville and Tuscarora, Captains Pegram and Craven, were once shipmates. Lieutenant Jones, the First Lieutenant of the Federal vessel, is well known in Southampton, having been an officer on board the United States' man-of-war Merrimac, which lay some time in Southampton Water a few years since, and which was burned by the Secessionists in Norfolk Navy-yard at the breaking out of the American Rebellion.

The international law relative to the interval that must elapse between belligerent ships leaving a neutral port applies to the weaker ship following the stronger as well as vice versa, so that if the Tuscarora for any purpose were to leave Southampton Water first the Nashville would not be permitted to leave until twenty-four hours afterwards.

The report that the Nashville is sold to British owners is contradicted, and it is alleged there would be great difficulty in giving the purchasers should such be found a good title. A report is current that the Sumpter is on her road for Gibraltar to Southampton, and that another Federal steamer is immediately expected. There is considerable excitement at Southampton respecting the affair.

THE WINDHAM INQUIRY.

We resume this prolonged inquiry at the point we left off last week.

On Thursday, Dr. Whidborne and Mr. James Bowen May, a solicitor, were the only witnesses examined,

Dr. Whilbain merely deposed to the state of Windham's health on the day of his marriage. His condition, according to the witness, was sufficiently good to warrant him in marrying.

Mr. May, a solicitor, was examined at great length with reference to Mrs. Windham's marriage settlement, which he had been employed to draw up.

On Friday, two witnesses only were examined—Charles Martin, formerly bailiff at Fellibrigg, and Mr. Giubeli, Mr. Windham's stepfather. The evidence of both was favourable to a belief in Mr. Windham's sanity.

Mr. Giubeli, in cross-examination by Mr. Chambers, said: I do not think Mr. Windham insane or of weak intellect; he is not so bright as he might be. I have never said he was insane. I believe him to be of sound mind.—Mr. Chambers.—Why, Mr. Giubeli, was it not proposed that you should be on a committee?—Mr. Giubeli.—Gen. Windham offered me and Lady Sophia a bribe to become so.

Sir Hugh Cairns renewed his application that the examination of the alleged lunatic should be conducted in public, but Mr. Warren declined the application.

The inquiry was then adjourned until Monday.

The inquiry into Mr. Windham's sanity was resumed at the Westminster Sessions House on Monday. The principal witnesses examined were Drs. Sutherland and Connolly, both of whom spoke emphatically as to the soundness of Mr. Windham's mind.

Mr. Charles Russell briefly addressed the jury on Tuesday, on the part of Lady Sophia Giubeli, whose sympathies he states are entirely with her son. Mr. Karslake summed up the evidence for the unfortunate young man, and the court then adjourned.

Mr. Karslake's address occupied the whole of Wednesday.

LATEST INTELLIGENCE.

M. FOULD'S FINANCIAL STATEMENT.

PARIS, WEDNESDAY.—The *Moniteur* of this morning publishes the report on the state of financial affairs, addressed by M. Fould, Minister of Finance, to the Emperor.

The *Moniteur* commences by stating that he proposes to establish in the Budget a great distinction between ordinary and extraordinary expenses. He announces that the ordinary expenses of the Budget of 1863 show, in the aggregate, an increase of 70 millions over the estimated expenses of 1862; but this surplus of expenses is only apparent as the supplementary credits, voted or decreed, which have been added to the provisions of the Budget. These were, in 1862, 131 millions; and in 1861, 152 millions.

M. Fould continues: There will be in the Ministries of Marine and War an increased expenditure of four millions calculated on an effective of 400,000 soldiers and 85,700 horses. But these figures compared with the real effective of last year, show an important reduction, as the average effective of 1861 was 467,000 men, which, by the 1st January, 1862, was reduced to 446,000. By the 1st January, 1863, it will be reduced to 400,000. In the budget of the Ministry of Marine the credits amount in the aggregate to 168,000,000 for the ordinary and extraordinary service, which forms an important diminution in the expenditure in preceding financial years. In fact, notwithstanding the increase of 70,000,000 in the supplies for 1862, the Budget of 1863 will show a real and considerable reduction.

Several new taxes are proposed as follows:—

A new tax on horses and carriages of luxury, which is estimated to produce 5½ millions of francs.

The augmentation of the dues and fees at the public register offices, which would produce 10 millions of francs.

A modification in the method of collecting the proportionate registry fees, which would produce a revenue of 10 million francs.

A slight increase of the stamp duties is estimated to yield 1½ millions of francs.

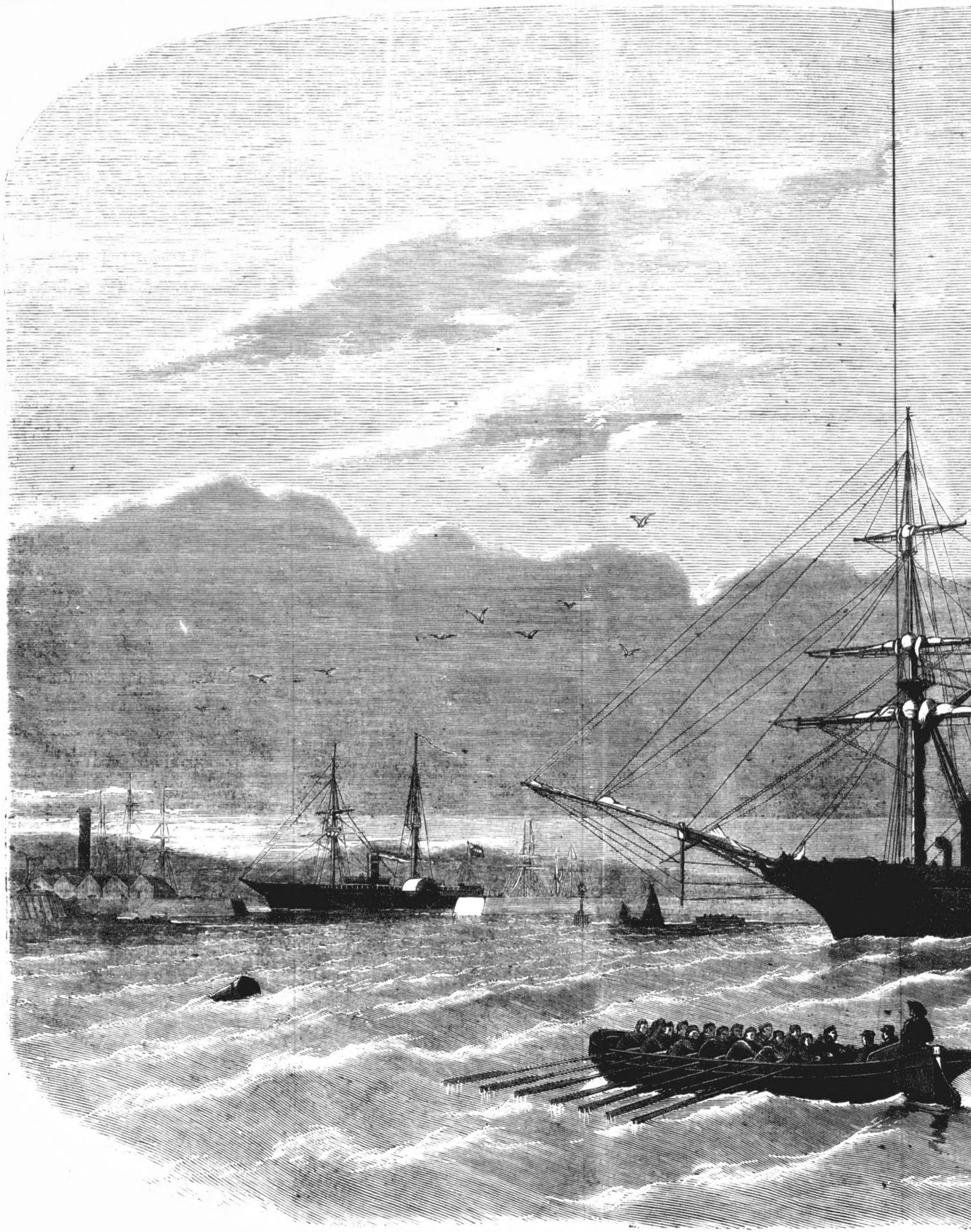
An increase in the stamp duties on bills of stocks and licensed brokers, which would produce 1,200,000 francs.

A fixed tax on bills of account and on receipts is estimated to produce 12½ millions of francs.

The total of these new resources is estimated at 50 millions of francs, which will allow of the settlement of the ordinary Budget of 1863, and leave a surplus of revenue amounting to 20 millions of francs.

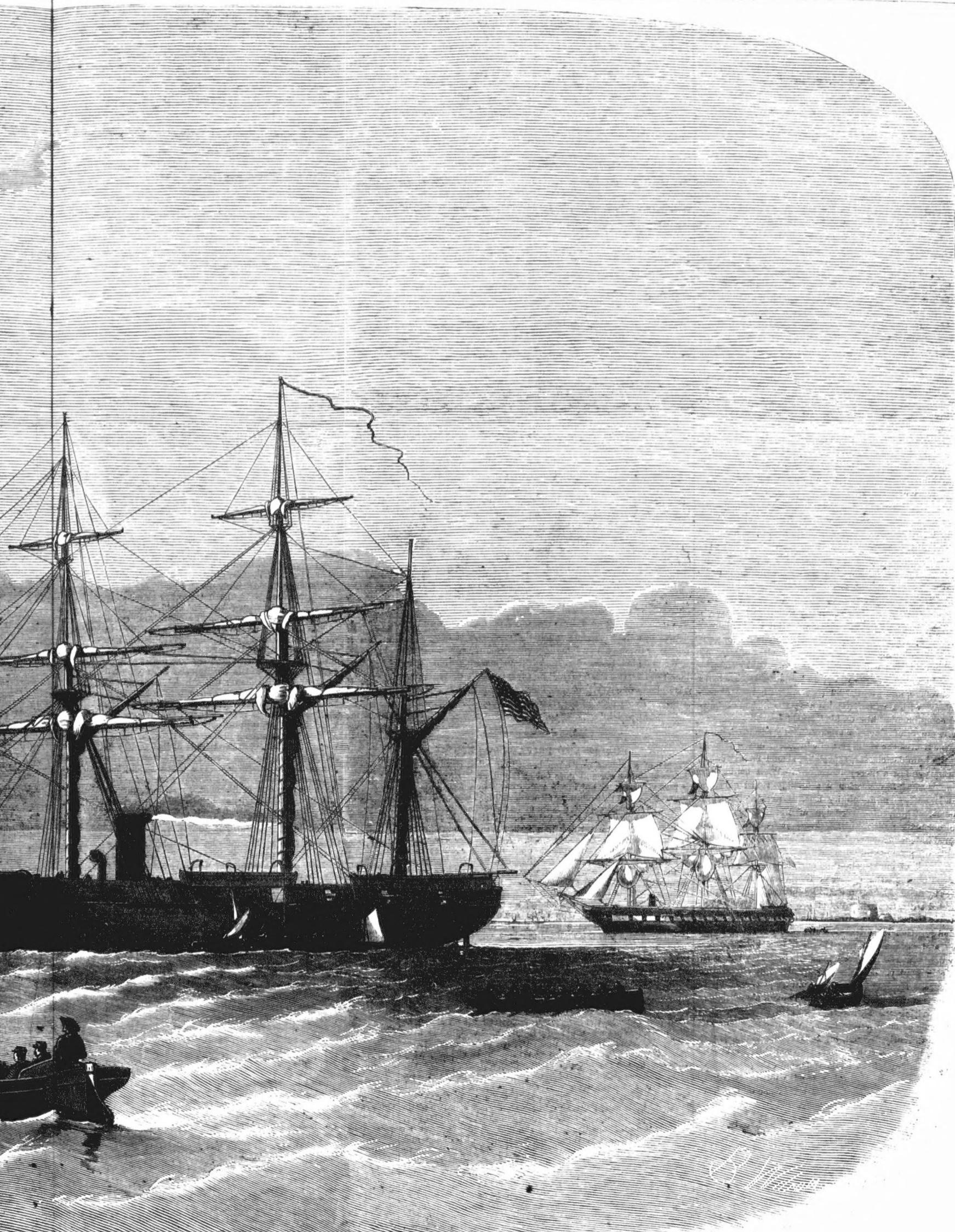
The Extraordinary Budget for 1863 will be made the subject of special law.

In conclusion, M. Fould states that the ordinary budget of 1863 will be balanced by the surplus revenue of the ordinary budget and by other resources, which would be sufficient for the national expenditure. There would still remain the deficit, which, however, would not only cease to increase, but would soon diminish.



THE NASHVILLE IN HARBOUR.

THE SOUTHAMPTON
THE BOATS CREW OF THE EAGLE TRAINING SHIP.



HAMPTON WATERS.
SAILING SHIP.

THE TUSCARORA.

THE DAUNTLESS.

CALSHOT POINT.

NOTICE TO PUBLISHERS.

Advertisers who wish to have their names printed in the titles of forthcoming publications, and also that they may well understand it should be sent in full and addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News," 13 Catherine-street, Strand, London.

All business letters and orders for advertisements must be addressed to Mr. William Oliver, publisher, 13 Catherine-street, Strand, in whose favour last and other payment of account must be drawn.

All correspondence, news departments to be addressed to the Editor of the "Illustrated Weekly News" as above.

THE ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWS.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

Mr. Roebuck, if not a cosmopolitan, is certainly a patriot. If he hates the French he assuredly loves his own countrymen; and when he talks of the power, the extent, the dominion and glory of England no one can doubt that he is speaking from his heart. His oratory is not mere rhetoric or cold declamation. He utters forcibly what he feels strongly.

He pours out all as plain
As downright Shropshire or old Montague.

In short he is a thoroughly honest man—there is no doubt of that. But though his heart never goes wrong, his intellect is not always to be depended upon. It is sometimes obfuscated by prejudice and passion, and sometimes misled by flattery. He can see nothing in the French nation but a people who gesticulate like monkeys. The personal attentions he received from the Austrians turned this ardent worshipper of English liberty into an admirer of Austrian institutions. There is something too like a feminine weakness in this quick susceptibility to compliment—this pliability of judgment, on purely personal grounds. It reminds us of an anecdote of Malamot de Sévigné. She went to a court ball at Paris. Louis the XIVth invited her to dance with him. When he had handed her to her seat, she exclaimed to her cousin Bussy-Rabutin, "It must be confessed that we have a glorious king!" "Ah, madame!" said her sarcastic relative, "I do not wonder at your sudden discovery of his perfections, since his majesty has danced with you." Mr. Roebuck had very nearly shipwrecked his popularity as a British radical by an hallucination, which could only be partial and temporary in a nature like his. He has probably recovered from it already. On the 17th instant, he delivered to the members of the Salisbury Literary and Scientific Institution a lecture or address on Popular Education. It was a delicate and difficult task in that locality, considering that Salisbury is a Cathedral town, and that he numbered amongst his audience so many who regarded merely secular education as a "godless system." But though he was addressing a bishop, a subdean, and an assembly in fact of aristocrats and churchmen, he contrived to steer clear of any very disagreeable collision; and though he commenced by comparing himself to a ship near the rocks, he found the lecture hall a harbour of refuge, and was indeed received with loud cheers, and dismissed with a vote of thanks, after the Bishop of Salisbury had complimented him on his "truthfulness."

The advantages of education are universally admitted, but as to what constitutes the right sort of education, or the manner in which the humbler classes, especially, should be instructed, almost every one has a theory of his own. What ought to be the character of state-education is a terribly vexed question, and there is no hope of unanimity upon it, perhaps for centuries to come. The leading argument of Mr. Roebuck is that in spite of our noble political institutions—our equitable laws—the personal independence of the poorest men in the kingdom—the stability of property—and what Charles Lamb calls "the sweet security" of our streets—and our substantial greatness at home and abroad—the classes of Englishmen who support themselves by manual labour are still intellectually and morally in a degraded state from the want of proper education. They live, he says, for the most part in one or two rooms. They are herded together more like animals of the brute creation than men and women, and they have not that kindness and cordiality one towards another which distinguishes the class which he calls gentry. Mr. Roebuck speaks from observation and experience. He draws a striking contrast-picture of a poor clerk in a mercantile house in London. Though his whole day is passed in writing "John Brown, debtor to Thomas Smith, so many pounds of candles or raisins," when he goes home he finds his wife decently dressed, his comfortable dinner is prepared for him, he dines with his well behaved children around him, he closes the day with a book, and enjoys the pleasures of the educated man. On the other hand, while many factory operatives are earning larger incomes than some of the most respectable professional classes, they live like beggars. Plate rollers, or people who work on iron, are said to be able to earn a rate of daily pay equal to that of a Lieutenant-colonel in Her Maj's Foot Guards, "singlers" equal to that of Majors of Foot, and "furnace men" equal to that of Lieutenants and Adjutants. I see a strange that men so well paid should make so poor a show of their means; but proletarians, as a class, have always been proverbially improvident. They rarely think of saving money for comfortable furniture and house ornamentation. So long as they have plenty to eat and drink they care little for mere elegancies, or tasteful decorations, or small comforts. The reason is sufficiently obvious. As they cannot work in fine clothes, they become accus-ed to rough and soiled ones. They mix with people of their own rank in

qual terms, and do not require to keep up an appearance. Their labour is physical and demands physical support. It is comparatively easy for the poor gentleman to be temperate, and to husband all his small earnings to pay for decent clothes and neatly furnished room. The necessity of keeping his place in society forces upon him a sort of economy of which the manual worker rarely feels the need. The latter, therefore, feels that he may spend money far more freely at the public-house than the prudential gentleman with even the same income would dare to spend upon the wher or spurs upon his saddle, because he knows he has so many other claims upon his purse, which are unrecognized by a mechanic. Mr. Roebuck passes over all this, and seems to think that education alone would induce the proletarian to live as comfortably and elegantly as the gentleman of the same means. No doubt education would improve the tastes and manners of the labouring classes to a very considerable extent; but yet men obliged to work heavily in crowded manufactories, or endure extreme hardships in the open air in a severe and changeable climate, will always attach more exclusive importance to the physical necessities and comforts, and think less of the elegancies of life than persons whose toil is only mental, and who pursue their comparatively easy avocations in snug or magnificent apartments.

In regard to general intelligence the mechanics of England have undoubtedly made a prodigious advance within this last quarter of a century, and individual members of this class, by the sheer force of superior talent, are almost daily rising from their own rank and taking the highest places amongst our gentry. It is astonishing how rapidly these distinguished men shake off all vulgar habits and live like "nature's noblemen," but it is not easy to propose any plan of education by which the great mass of mechanics and labouring men could be induced to give up the public-house and devote all their savings to making their own homes elegant and comfortable. We quite agree with Mr. Roebuck in thinking that their condition and habits may be greatly benefitted by education, but we do not see how they can be so entirely changed as to efface all distinction between the mechanic and the gentleman, nor are we sure that it would be altogether desirable, supposing it to be possible.

Mr. Roebuck omitted all allusion to the gentler sex. He suggested no improvement in the education of women in the humbler classes. He spoke of men only. But in no scheme of either national or class education can so important a portion of society as the female sex be safely overlooked. We all know how much a child or a husband owes or ought to owe to a mother or a wife, and how much the character of every community is dependent on feminine influence and example.

We are glad to see Mr. Roebuck do justice to our penny literature. "Our forefathers," he says, "hadn't books, but we have plenty of good books, and more than all, we have penny papers. In my opinion the great educator of the present time is the penny paper."

PUBLIC AND PRIVATE TALK.

PEOPLE of a sublime sort often boast that what they are told comes in at one ear and goes out at the other. Happily that is true of us all, or our heads would burst in a fortnight. If we remembered this morning all we heard last week the brain would be everlasting in a state of moral concussion. Sufficient for seven days are the babblements thereof. Few persons, we are aware, think it a difficult task to paint the picture or fix the actions of a week. As well, however, might they attempt to photograph at once all the changes in a kaleidoscope or preserve the tinklings of a fiddle. The scene is too vast, too confused, too dramatic, and dissolving, to be cartooned. Still, since talk there must be, it may as well be relevant. Amid the glitter and buzz, the smoke and flash of the time, certain voices are louder, and certain colours more distinct than the rest. Who could see and not mark that a impudent paragraph in a rural print, discreetly copied in London, which told the midland folk how Queen Victoria was going to abdicate the throne next Lord Mayor's day, and how before next Christmas we should have Albert I. gorgeously crowned at Westminster? But these metropolitan correspondents of provincial newspapers were always unscrupulous fellows. Nothing is to be said upon the matter, however, except that I, who hear all things which belong to good society, never heard a syllable about it, except that I know in what public-house the gentleman concocted his bit of sensation news. What we are really talking about is, in the first place, America. We have three parties at war in the press and at the club. We have the tomahawk brigade, very vigorous and powerful, but rather desperate; we have the little dollar-drugged advocates of peace at any price; and we have the moderate men who detest war, but love their country. They say among them that the crisis cannot stand still, and that if the North and South do not speedily settle their dispute there may be a Navarino in the American waters. Certain it is, at any rate, that the idea is not thought so objectionable as it was three months ago. But I lounge and sit without pretending to prophesy, leaving that mission to Mr. Alderman Humphreys and his friend Zetkiel—who, indeed, may be Alderman Humphreys himself—since I know of one civic Power in the House of Commons, who, under a cant title raises a fortune for himself from the miseries of multitudinous slop-workers. But I decline to state whether or not this individual is a Jew. There are no whispers, and assurably no exciting conversations just now, upon continental topics. The world puts a better face in France than it ever did, and though Italy remains upon a war footing, we are pretty sure to keep out of the conflict. I am beginning, moreover, to believe that Russia never meant anything by her solemn speeches and grandiose demonstrations. That colossal uncer-

tified bankrupt, the Austrian Emperor, is arranging along with his children and his creditors, while his Majesty of Russia meditates, by birching young ladies, as though they were nursery children, to fulfil the last will and testament of Peter the Great. With regard to the glorious potentates of Italy, he is engaged in deliberating whether he should pardon those murderers because Victor Hugo has dedicated to him a poem against capital punishment. Well, and what are we saying about home politics? There are two daily Tory prints in London, neither of any influence or reputation, and both very drearily written, but they want Lord Palmerston to resign; they insist on having a Tory representative for Bedfordshire; they are exhorting Great Britain to arise or be for ever fallen; they are proving that Sir Cox ought not to be member for Finsbury, because General McClellan is a dilatory commander; but what can we expect? I myself am in a state of solitude, dinginess, and petrification. If the attorney-general speedily come back from the country we shall resemble a street in Verona. The pavement is sad, the doors are dull, the club doors swing their echoes now to silence. I am occasionally reduced to gossip with the loitering soldiers about St. James's Palace, and they tell that one and all they would volunteer if necessary for Canada.

Nevertheless, at all times and seasons, men—and women—will talk, with gloomy and pitying faces, about that awful calamity in Northumberland, that deep grave of hundreds, stifled after long battling with death, that concourse of orphans and widows and inconsolable mothers gathered round the black and deadly pit. There was not yet a grief in the land where one personage in the fullness of his life was taken away. But what of that entire village bereaved, that tragedy which has swept away more victims than fell in the terrible battle of Bassecourt; that subterranean slaughter of the strong and the young, and the brave by a merciless and invisible enemy. The public turn from this melancholy scene to others less painful but pathosome in their monstrous atrocity. There is that sickening Winchcombe inquiry, that fight between vampires and the simpleton, and they speak of the cut-throat transaction with unmitigated disgust. Then we hear a good deal about the French lady in Cavendish-square, who might have answered as another lady did, when counsel asked her "under whose protection she was living?"—"Under his lordship's on the bench." But I talk very little about her. For the sake of old times I have had something to say of that fly-by-night speculator, Mr. Peter Morrison. Also of the magnificent double forgeries. Perhaps, too, of the dirty justice administered by unpaid magistrates. Possibly, too, of Lord Cowley, who spends £20,000 a year in France—his salary being £10,000—and is charged with stinginess by every snob whom he will not ask to dinner. But I have been considerably occupied with the Albert Memorial Question. I saunter forth now and then and see a good many cautions to sculptors. I see the monumental moh in Trafalgar-square—Nelson trying to find out the bearings of the Duke of York, Dr. Jenner looking very sick, Sir Charles Napier most uncomfortably standing at ease, King Charles jockeying in the direction of Parliament-street, and sundry other hopelessly abortive uglinesses attitudinising in the open air. Then I find Peel made as insignificant as low art could make him, the Duke underrone and overdone in various localities, a scattering of statuettes mouldering amid the vegetable wildernesses of our metropolitan squares, a sort of dog-drinking fountain in honour of the Westminster boys who fell in the Crimea, and, in St. Paul's Cathedral, a collection of cocked hats, laced coats, and allegories enough to make a wax-modeller tremble. Then, I say in heart, I trust that the Albert memorial will resemble none of these, that it may not be an obelisk which, in fact, typified only a filthy pagan worship, and that it will be of such a nature that the dead Prince would have chosen for himself, as the tribute of the country to his name. At all events, his own works, though without the guidance of his hand, are prospering. The Great Exhibition, and the Horticultural Gardens make splendid progress. Nor do I forget to note that one of his friends and colleagues in many a benevolent undertaking, has been created a baronet, while to another Edgar Bowring, son of Sir John Bowring, has been promised the Companionship of the Bath. We all regret that the Prince of Wales, instead of remaining to inaugurate the celebrations of beauty and science, should be travelling abroad; but, for many reasons, it was essential to complete his education before his birthday, after which he can scarcely be expected to make any lengthened or distant stay from home.

I have heard not a little brisk gossip of late about English manners. I was literally persecuted by the disputes of Belgrave about young girls, young men, marriage and money. I thought the maudlin paroxysm was over. But, after a lull, it has set in again, furiously. I am dimmed with complaints about the dandies in the park, who persist in staring at the living prettinesses there visible. I am expected to blush in sympathy with all sorts of offended Lamas and Lillas. Yet immediately I am deafened with civil and military voices exclaiming "if girls will dress like actresses, they must expect to be stared at." Next, I am presented with a petition begging that the graceful horse-breakers in flowing skirts and flying plumes may not jostle against the thoroughbred loveliness of our feminine nobility in the hunting-field. Whereupon the disputants are told, in a pungent way, that they are babbling unutterable nonsense and interfering with matters which do not concern them. I am far from thinking that the people at the club windows relished the rebuke administered to their half-proudish, half-prudent letters to the public journals. Surely, they are not going to be so ill informed. But the professional talkers would perish had they nothing to say. So now it is Addiscombe, and next it is the Educational Minute. To-day we have the Gorilla, and to-morrow Mr. Winstanley. The picture on the magic-lantern slide at this moment is the Charleston blockade, and next the gigantic colliery disaster. But even this variety sometimes fails. I overhear highly-spiced conversations about the virtues and morals of certain evils, declarations for and against Lord Colvile, hints about the reason why General Whistler did not go into the witness-box, little babbles about the Court—which I suspect to have a publican source since there is one gentleman who reads the victuallers' organ—and, by the way, the most ludicrous assertions and guesses about the circulation of particular news. All this, whether dismal or令人兴奋的, I am compelled to hear and to echo because I am

A NEW SILKWORM FROM JAPAN.

That recent upturning of the trade to Japan is likely to be of important value to the silk trade, the following will show:—

“The introduction of the new species of silkworm from Japan has been a great success. Now, however, it is to be regretted that the introduction of these trifles has not been followed by a more serious consideration of the question of the future of the silk industry. I have had a good deal to do with the question, and I am afraid that the result will not be very encouraging. The conditions of the market will not fit in with the new species of the Alps, and the manufacture of the silk therefore has an incentive to move to a more suitable place. Here in England the failure has been a complete; but in the north of France this has been the case to a lesser degree, and attempts are continued up to this time to gain the desired object. One of the last of these is the introduction into the country of a new species of silkworm, the *Bombyx cynthia*, which was introduced in 1822. A recent Privy Council Order, M. Guérin-Meneville, has made the discovery that this silkworm is much more suited to the climate of northern Europe than any species formerly introduced, and to prove it, has sent a considerable number over to France. The Emperor Napoleon, who is said to take great interest in the culture of silkworm in France, has placed at the disposition of M. Guérin-Meneville ten acres of land on the Imperial Farm at Vincennes, together with the necessary funds, and thus the new trial begins under the fairest auspices. The *Bombyx cynthia* is one of the far more easily nourished than the *Bombyx mori*, who is too much dependent on the soft leaves of fruit trees. M. Guérin-Meneville calculated that there would be two annual crops of his cocoon. Like all discoverers, he is, of course, most sanguine as to the commercial results of the introduction of the new species, predicting that it will be easy to make 8,000 francs, or about £200 a year for 1000 (12 acres) of land covered with these leaves. The Royal Society of Acclimation, it may be added, have taken the culture of the *Bombyx cynthia* under their powerful protection.”

FALLS OF THE POTOMAC, FROM THE MARYLAND SHORE.—SEE PAGE 214.

This romantic waterfall, without any pretension to the name of Niagara, is a sublime specimen of the wildest mood of nature. Through fierce and jagged barriers of rock, the current, in its imperial march, with such vehemence as seems to move an immediate agent stronger than the force of fire, a foaming and boiling, the crests of the hurried billows seem to be white masses, hurled by Titanic hands. The scene is of that kind called savage, but may be more properly said regal, nature—or the laws of nature, known and unknown, asserting the supremacy of the original force over all barriers. It is rendered interesting to our readers at the present time, through the scene being included in the seat of war between the Federal and Confederate armies.

LADY ELFRIEDA'S POWER.

CHAPTER XXVI.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

I could do nothing—I could only wait.

The seven days were completed, but no answer came from Lady Elfrida—had I not received an answer on the night of the fifth?

I asked myself—would those two men, Sir Harold and Armand meet, and if so, in what relation? As friends? No. Lady Elfrida had too great a love for her position in English society, and that position was no mean elevation, to risk it by any suspicion. No—I felt that the two men, if they met, would meet as enemies. The war was between them now. I repeat—I could but wait.

I had had to write to my poor ladies at Pelton-house, and many my vain-glorious last letter. I know I must have written very humbly, by the kind, womanly reply I received by the following post.

Two days more past when I received a letter which, when I had mastered all its bearings, clenched my defeat by Lady Elfrida. She had conquered me utterly, and irreducibly. I looked upon her as a actress. I little thought what wondrous changes might take place; I as little thought when taking up the *Times* of the day and seeing in it that Captain Anwold had arrived at Southampton from Barrack-park (Madras) on sick leave—In a little thought, I say, that the turning point of Lady Elfrida's life was that gentleman's return to his native land—which he had not seen for some years, though I had heard he had been as near home as Paris less than twelvemonths previous to the date of his arrival in Southampton.

The letter was from Constance, and chiefly referred to a terrible event which had happened to her on the previous day, knowing that Lady Elfrida was in town, she had driven over to Ravelin, that she might wander through the dear old well-known park. The carriage had not been driven into the town, but had been put up at a little inn some way out of it.

Constance had entered the old home park, and had wandered for some time in its well-known walks, when, with as little warning as the reader has in this sentence of the catastrophe, saw the body of a man lying on the ground. The same glance showed her a sword glistening in the sun.

In her communication to me, Constance spoke hardly of the man, saying the poor fellow lay down by the side of Constance. I need not say that when I saw her, I did not perceive any other person.

Constance said she thought she recognized the features, blood staining them were still the same, but it was only at the end of some hours that she realized her error. I told her that “her” I will now call “she,” I had known her to be a lost woman never ceases vividly to remember her who destroyed her, so I, vanquished by sin, seemed to have a similar and natural desire to be near her who had overcome me.

The reader who has a good knowledge of law will say, “Yes, it was in these simple, candid words that I learnt

Lady Elfrida had played so bold and desperate a game as I had not for one moment imagined. She had set the two against each other. Meanwhile she was sure of dominating the victor. I declare I am ashamed to mention this scutcheon of shame, lost in the same breach with the rest of the pack.”

I was so overawed for a time by Lady Elfrida's triumphs over human every-day life and chances, that I began to ask myself if not too a malignant power which had dominion upon earth. Such a reputation of the average of chances for mankind, that the necessities of the woman proved we almost beyond my capacity to understand.

As a final and desperate resource she had plotted a duel against two men, both of whom she loved to be her husband. It was her only chance, and that chance I had not foreseen. But it was full of risk. An explosion might ensue between the men in the event of their fighting; public attention, either to home or abroad, would be attracted to the encounter; a cause or the meeting would be sought; and she would inevitably suffer in reputation.

Chance—a Melusine fortune—saved her, for upon investigation by a doctor, it was found not, as at first firmly believed, that the stranger had died from a sword thrust, but from the rupture of a blood vessel. It had been said the hand of the dead body was found grasping a sword; a second weapon was found within a dozen yards of the spot upon which the artist had fallen.

The jury returned a verdict of “Died by the visitation of God,” adding a recommendation that the whole features of the case should be inquired into. The police took possession of the swords, but I have never learnt that beyond this performance the police did anything further in the matter.

Unknown and friendless, Count Armand de Kornac, as I will call him, for that title and name now rest above his grave in Brittany, was buried in Ravelin churchyard. Within its quiet boundary of leafless trees he lay till the time came when I had the power of telling the mourning Due de Kornac where his son was to be found. The poor duke perpetuated the untruth his wife had so long told. He buried the false son near his mother—not by her side, and still called him in death his son—more, for moro, I am sure, for the sake of his dead wife's honour than his own.

Piecing together fragments of evidence, I grew to be quite convinced that Lady Elfrida, seeing that one of the two men must be swept from her path, had instigated Armand to force the baronet to fight him alone, without witnesses. Nay, I felt that I could repeat the words Lady Elfrida had used to induce Armand to achieve a secret fight, a thing a Frenchman above all men abhors. Her honour—her name. These were her arguments. I felt absolutely sure.

And he had been entrapped—had watched for the baronet, met him in the park, forced him to accept one of the swords, and then in his miserable impetuosity to commence the encounter had become so excited that he had burst a blood vessel, and so died.

I could readily understand that Anwold, being with respect to his personal acts, a very reserved and reticent man, would not voluntarily offer an elucidation of the two swords, while I can quite as readily comprehend that the obsequious coroner and the twelve tenant-farmer jurymen would express no desire to examine a gentleman as to his knowledge of the death of the artist, who in no way appeared to be acquainted with any of the circumstances.

So, then, she had conquered, and our only hopes were in the slow, expensive, yet broadly just operation of the law. I confess I was not so sure of our suit in Chancery as I had been. Lady Elfrida, supposing we had abandoned all proceedings, has opened to me her answer to our complaint. She spoke the truth in some degree. It was manifestly unjust to endeavour to prove a man of unsound mind at the time of achieving a will by an appeal to the construction of the will itself; while, on the other hand, I felt this powerful woman might be right in the letter of the law (the practical part) if not in its spirit (the theoretical division). True, the law relating to the confinement of lunatics had been carried out. The two certificates had been signed by a couple of medical men, and countersigned by a justice of the peace. So far, all was legal. I saw the question was one of construction of terms rather than the terms themselves, and I trembled not, perhaps, for the ultimate result so much as for the procrastination and the enormous expense of that procrastination.

I lay down upon my bed the night which followed the receipt of Constance's letter, and I wept heavily—perhaps selfishly—for I had thought, if I restored Ravelin to Constance once more, and by my own effort, without recourse to law, it will be as though I were a rich man who had bought a fortune and laid it at her feet, and perhaps—perhaps I had hoped that in exchange she would have given me her love. All that hope had passed away as I lay in the dark night weeping. Lady Elfrida had conquered, and I was vanquished.

CHAPTER XXVII.

HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE CONTINUED.

That very next day I saw Lady Elfrida riding in the park with Sir Harold Anwold.

I had gone out amongst the trees and the space, because I could not endure the close streets and houses. They seemed to suggest to me the imprisonment of my power of justice; for, as I have said, what could I do? I had none of the facts of the first marriage by which I could prove it, and the death of the two chief and known witnesses who were the weapons with which I had hoped to fight and conquer her—the Duchess of Kornac and Armand de Kornac (as for the sake of humanity I may call him) had swept me from the field. I was powerless, and Ravelin seemed to be Lady Elfrida's Beyond Beyond.

She had not written to mock me, as nine out of ten bad women would have done. She treated me with the most absolute contempt.

I could not leave the park. As a murderer, it is said, I lay about the spot upon which he played out the drama of Constance—a lost woman never ceases vividly to remember him who destroyed her, so I, vanquished by sin, seemed to have a similar and natural desire to be near her who had overcome me.

Lady Elfrida was riding in an open barouche, for the weather was very mild, though thick, and Sir Harold was sitting on one of his best horses on her left.

She had passed two or three times, and I had grown almost careless whether she saw me or not, so great was my despair, when she once more drove by. She was looking to the right,

towards, not at me, when she suddenly faltered in her calmness.

I have at various points of my narrative said that I had seen Lady Elfrida overthrown. I had never seen her over-powered by fear till that eventful day in the park.

She seemed literally struck down. It was but a moment, and she had passed from my view, for I need not say the carriage was still progressing. I turned, you may be sure, and looked in the direction towards which she had gone. Two men were standing near, and half concealed by a tree. One—a gentleman—who I thought I knew; the second, the man who a few days previous to that awful meeting had brushed up against me as I left Lady Elfrida's house in Park-lane, and who had asked me if Captain Anwold was expected in England.

The next moment there was a commotion in the line of carriages, and several gentlemen spurred their horses on. The whole line was stopped up till Sir Harold's carriage broke and dashed along the centre of the road at a great pace.

“Lady Elfrida Anwold,” I heard a gentleman say to a fair inquirer, whose head was at her carriage-window—“fainted. You know, Sir Harold Anwold’s wife—daughter to Lord Falcondridge—wonder what's knocked her over?”

“Extremely singular,” says the lady in return—“ta-ta.” “So long,” says the gentleman, using the new fashionable phrase of the day for “au revoir.” “So long.”

I turned, as the carriages moved on again, to look for the two men whose presence had created this commotion. They were gone.

As for myself, the park had no longer any claim to me. She had left it—I saw the carriage move in the direction of Park-lane, and I too turned homewards.

There was no other means of gaining Ravelin left except by disputing the validity of Lord George's will, and the legality of the certificates which condemned Lady Falconbridge as insane. Unfortunately, I had so thoroughly depended upon my power, apart from that of the law, that as I have said, I stopped totally the law proceedings in Chancery, which act involved the payment of the costs on both sides. I had already lost a large amount in my undying determination to gain Ravelin. Yet I did not reproach myself with abandoning that suit. Law in England is so tardy, and therefore so horribly expensive, that I consider every man has a right to avoid it by all means short of absolute dishonesty.

Yet, despite my own reasoning, I was not at peace with myself. The demon of defeat troubled me. The quiet of my house was unendurable, and when the dark hours came I could not remain on the home side of its threshold.

I went out. Need I say whether I wandered? The park attracted me while she remained within it. The house drew me towards it when she rested within it. I suppose I was possessed somewhat of that terrible and world-wide feeling by which all humanity is awed, and which is made palpable in the desire to see a notorious criminal, or his effigy, or to gaze at some menagerie, on a living tiger, or sea-constrictor which has killed—or attempted to kill, a human being.

The house was dark. Not a light was visible, except in the hall. I walked up and down, up and down, I think for hours. I had grown exhausted from sheer mental excitement, and I was leaning against a lamp-post, trying to analyze the dead, soulless state of my body, when I felt a hand upon my right shoulder. It might have been a wound I turned so sharply. I know not why the instantaneous thought took possession of me, but I expected to see Lady Elfrida. Yet in spite of that expectation I was not disappointed to see only one of the two men (he who had spoken to me) I had noted, and whom Lady Elfrida had noted a few hours previously in the park.

“Hah yer a Englishman?” this inquirer asked me with a kind of nervous energy.

“Yes,” I said, and I know I spoke listlessly, for my despair (which I am sure would have lasted many hours, had not the events of the few following minutes excited me to action), for my despair, I expect, had reduced me below the capacity of excitement.

“Then look here,” he continued, “you're a Englishman, and him a Englishman—which act as sich. I saw you the other day, and which we seen you many times, and it's no bad notches he's got agin you, you know. But a Englishman says—save a 'oman if you can, and there's jest one in distress at this present—do you twig?”

“What twig?” I remember I said, with a ghastly jocosity.

“Why comprehend,” says my accoster—“yer knew Lady Elfrida Hanwold—now don't say yer don't—because yer do. What—you wasn't goin' to say no? So much the honnorable in you, yer know. Which I want yer to go to er, an' jest as though you was a 'omin' from yerself, and say to er, you jest see Captain Anwold—which you saw in the park this very day—now you go and say that.”

Here the man pointed the emphasis of his sentence with a jerk forward of his round head and became silent, except as to his eyes, if I may be allowed the hyperbole, which seemed to say with immense rapidity, “Now—now—now—now!”

So the second person, the gentleman whom I thought I recognised was Captain Anwold, Sir Harold's brother. I had thought I knew him in consequence of his similarity to his brother—for he resembled the baronet, as a noble and intellectual-looking man will frequently resemble an ignoble and unintellectual human being.

“Now,” said my questioner, whom I grew to feel sure, as I recovered my perceptions was a detective, “will you go, as a Englishman, and say that the which I've said, or words to the effect of which?”

“Yes,” I said. I felt a fascination to see that woman once again. The admission may be detected—its excuse shall be that it is a truth.

“Sen l in yer card like a Englishman,” he said without further parley, I seemed to be drawn into the room to walk towards the door.

“I'll wait for yer, sir,” said my companion.

The very knock at the door had something ominous in it. The footman who came to the door denied Lady Elfrida, and I was about turning away, when a female voice called to him, and asked if the gentleman was Mr. Hargraves?

“Yes,” said the man, looking at the card I had given him.

“Oh, if you please sir,” said a young person coming forward, “my lady said if you came you was to be shown up. My lady will soon be down now, I think, I am waiting, sir, for my lady's bell. I know my lady wants to see you, sir.”

I was shown into a white and gold drawing-room, smell of

itself, made spaciously exquisite by a thoughtful and charming art-study, and sat down till she should make her appearance.

A whole half-hour past; it was then I began to hear the regular beat of the detective walking up and down before the house. This sound at last became unendurable, and I went to the window, drew a curtain angrily on one side and peered into the street.

The walking stopped at once and was not renewed.

What, I thought, what can be the meaning of this man's caution; and I think it must have been at this point that a flood of wonder filled me as to why a detective policeman was watching the house. The thought crashed upon me like thunder. She was brought to bay before another crime than that of stealing Ravelin.

From that moment, each minute past waiting in that room was a veritable hour—each foot passenger as the sound of his steps came towards the house, past it and was lost, seemed to walk an immense distance. Yes, I am sure I lived days in those two miserable hours.

The horror of loneliness upon me, I wandered at last into the back drawing-room, and without purpose looked through the window. It was embossed, and I could see nothing. Petulantly pushing against it, the unfastened French sashes opened, and looking out over the servants' offices towards the park, I saw that another man was looking up towards the park front of the house.

"This is serious," I thought, "they think she will escape, front and back of the house are being watched."

Then I caught my breath as I wondered how all would end.

Back into the drawing-room, looking upon the street, and so another hour passed.

I believe that the monotony of utter inaction when the mind is highly strung must be almost unendurable, even to the poor wretch who is doomed to die on the following morning, and I draw this conclusion from the agony I suffered while waiting in that room for the hope of a chance of still recovering Ravelin. Once let Lady Elfrida be a condemned criminal, and I felt the recovery of Ravelin from the State was an absolute certainty.

Suddenly, without warning, a loud, cowardly scream seemed to strike the house. It was followed by a flood of ejaculations, calls for help, and cries of fear.

There was a hurried whirr and tremble in the house, as, after a pause of hesitation, we all ran towards the sounds.

They came from the floor above. Even then, in the moment of panic which so naturally followed several hours of inaction, I marked the unapproachable beauty of the decorated staircase and ceiling as I ran silently over the thick white wool carpet on the stairs.

Louder and louder the screams sounded as I reached an open door. Through its frame I passed without hesitation—on through a couple of brilliant rooms, splendidly lighted, and

thick curtains doubly hung before the windows. Then I reached a bath-room.

On the white marble floor of this room lay the frightened lady's-maid, whose screams had alarmed me. I took no heed of her.

I looked for the last time on Lady Elfrida.

I was sick and giddy with the heavy rose perfume with which the air was laden, and which was still burning. The thin, blue smoke was curling up towards the ceiling of the room—the white marble and beautifully carved room.

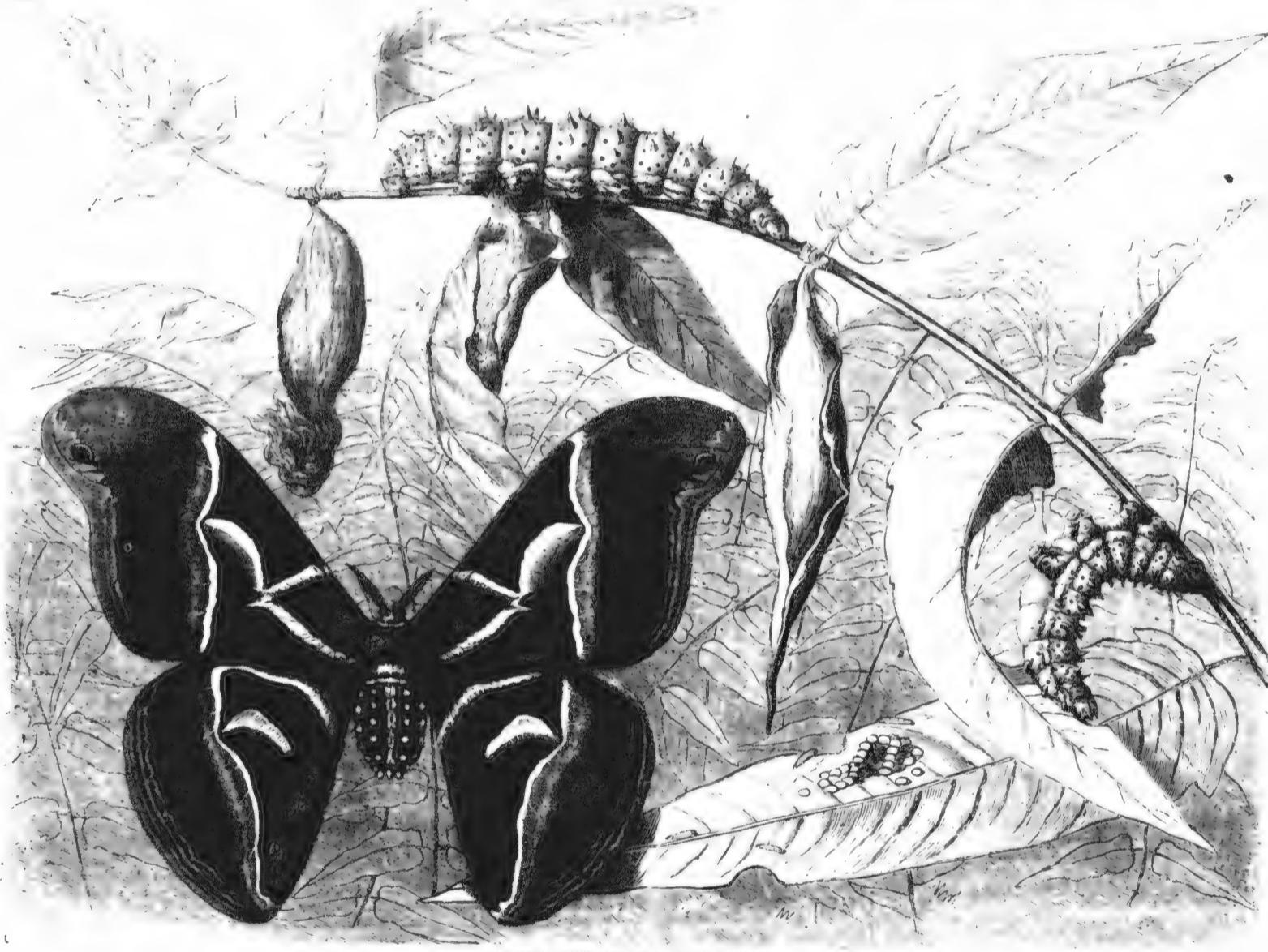
All I looked upon was white. Dazzling white marble walls, floor, and ceiling; white curtains before the door, and stretched across the window; white sheep-skins lay upon the ground, and a coruscation of pure white wax tapers burned with their clear, pale light in a cluster of silver branches: the censer in which the incense smoked was also silver.

And almost as white as the marble lay she who might have been an honour to the world, in her magnificent bath.

DEAD, I saw, at a glance. Only the sleep of death is so solemn as that I saw upon her face. **DEAD,** the face and form shrouded in white muslin and soft lace, which was floating in beautiful airy forms in the clear water. The hair was exquisitely arranged in statu-esque folds, and the head and shoulders lay upon a couple of heavy white pillows. Her hands lay, slightly clenched, upon her breast.

DEFIANT TO THE LAST.

Feeling a hot breath upon me I turned and saw the man at



A NEW SILK WORM FROM JAPAN.

whose desire I had visited the house. He was bleeding from the right temple and dabbing the wound with a hideous handkerchief.

Even then and at that supreme moment the truth of the contrast struck me. She had been rich, beautiful, and exclusive in her artistic grandeur, but she had not been good, and justice had forced herself upon the wretched woman in the shape of an honest, yet vulgar, brutal, and ignorant man.

"Hall right" he said, as he marked me looking at his wound. "Hairy—jumped over the rails—had a hugly tumble. Known they'd forget to open a door to a knock with all that row on, and so—kitchen window—you understand?"

"Smash," he continued, after casting a mere glance, "I see—hall right—keep it dark, I've turned those servant's out—hall right. Keep it dark."

She had destroyed herself.

The public never heard of this catastrophe through a coroner's inquest, for it could have led to no good results, and the family doctor seeing this, had blinked at the law, and returned a certificate to the effect that Lady Elfrida had died of disease of the heart, a statement which thoroughly coincided with the sudden death.

She was down, this mighty enemy, this powerful, magnificent, beautiful creature could do no more harm, no longer disdain those who in any way were not her equals. Did I pity her? I will not say. Let each man judge for himself.

Even in her death she was mighty, exclusive, and defiant, for the mode she adopted was wondrous. The letter that was found, admitting the crime of suicide, and absolutely

commanding that her body should not be examined, was respected, but those few who knew of the manner of her death, were not left in ignorance of the means she had adopted.

She knew the preservative effects of arsenic—that it prevents almost to eternity the decay of flesh, and this knowledge she had turned to account to avoid submitting to that disintegration of the substances of the body which she abhorred with all the intensity of a Biblical Egyptian.

Her first act had been to swallow a vast quantity of that arsenical salt which most readily permeates the tissues of the body. Then she entered her bath, into which she had cast a vast quantity of the same opponent of change after death.

Dressing herself in the white muslin and lace drapery in which we had found her, she had then entered this arsenicated water, when doubtless the pores of the skin immediately commenced absorbing the preservative poison.

Then must have commenced her horrible agony. Arsenic must permeate the body before death, in order to preserve it from decay; this permeation is accompanied by horrible pains, and this she must have endured for hours, or while I was actually waiting in the house. An agony she must have suffered—yet not a cry escaped her.

At last, when her knowledge told her that the poison had done its work, and ran in all the thousand multitude of her veins, she knew the time was come when she might kill herself outright, nor experience the shame of letting human eyes look on her dying struggles.

She took one of those eastern poisons which kill in a few moments, and thus the end.

We found the receptacle, piux or mug, in which she had carried the poison, on the ground near the bath. I recognized it as one she had always worn. She must have always been prepared for a catastrophe.

DEAD—in her sin and beauty—adoring no God but art, and merciless, even to herself. Of the world so worldly that she willed never to lose the form she bore upon its surface, for her body, intensely impregnated by arsenic, will probably never change its marble whiteness and form till the last trumpet.

It lies beautiful, and cold, and terrible, in the rest of the grave.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE END OF HEDRICK HARGRAVES' NARRATIVE.

I HAVE little more to say.

With Lady Elfrida's fall ends the exposition of my purpose in writing, that of maintaining that the highest and most fearless intellectual crime is very liable to be sufficiently stupid to fail.

It may be that in commencing this work I hoped to elaborate it, especially to print the diary of Lady Elfrida (she dared to keep a diary) but that hope is ended. Nor is there any need to state why.

Constance owns Ravelin, and I do too; as I strove so hard to regain it for her I was not ashamed to accept it with her dear self when I knew I might ask her to bless me.

We are happy and at peace, and we think of Lady Elfrida more in sorrow than in anger or fear.

And now—good bye.

THE END.



UNDER THE HAYSTACK.—“DO YOU HEAR ANYTHING FATHER?”

THE SHADOW OF WRONG.

A ROMANCE.

By the Author of “*My Golden Skeleton*,” “*Storm Beaten*,” “*A Heart Struggle*,” &c.

— — —

CHAPTER V.

MR. TWINKLE'S DECIDED OPINION.

EMILIE was amazed; first at the strange power which the gentleman—Dr. Brogden—who had accosted her seemed at once to obtain over her; an undefined power which compelled her to consent to speak with him alone without once questioning her own sense as to whether or not in doing so she did right. She was amazed, secondly, at the strange conduct of her father. (She always called her grandfather by that more affectionate word.) She instantly drew her arm away from the doctor. She looked at Peter. He was deeply agitated, and his appeal was too earnest to be without meaning. She prepared to accompany him, and turned round to apologize to the doctor. He was gone. The old man dragged her away; out of the tiring room, out of the circus, into the street, into the cold, sharp air of the night. He seemed to have grown ten years younger, he walked so brisk. He mumbled to himself. He clutched his staff nervously with the hand of the arm upon which Emilie now leant. He clenched the lips of his almost toothless mouth, and squeezed the fiddle under his left arm as if he would crush it. She was too much astonished to speak. He did not once address her till they were in the little room of the little house in the narrow lane where they lodged.

The visions of Twinkle were sweet that night. Enormous bags, bursting their sides and laughing out gold pieces, danced before him and threw double summersaults on bare-backed steeds. Poor Mrs. T. was almost frightened into fits by his starting up suddenly from his sleep, and shrieking out wildly:

“Stop that horse, stop that horse, he's running away with all my money.”

“Now then, what's the matter,” growled Mrs. T. who was intensely disgusted by finding that her husband's alarm was caused only by a dream.

The sound of the voice of the partner of his bosom recalled Twinkle to consciousness, and meekly apologizing to his lady for disturbing her, he subsided once more. He slept soundly this time, and was troubled by no further visions.

Twinkle was up betimes. A hit had been made, and he was not the man to allow the grass to grow under his feet. He dispatched a messenger to the principal printer of Scuttleton with an order for fifty large posters specially devoted to the prowess of Mademoiselle Emilie. Early in the forenoon the posters were all over the village, and Twinkle glowed with pride as he stopped before every one of them, and commented upon their brilliancy.

“There, Missus T.,” said he to his lady, as he pointed out one of the sensation posters; “Look there, mum, it's my decided opinion that that's what I call doing business.”

Mrs. T. did not seem to concur with him altogether, but she only remarked that, “Maybo it was and maybe it wasn't.” Twinkle heeded not the sneer directed against his business discrimination. He was satisfied that he had done his duty, and, as he observed on every similar occasion, “It was his decided opinion that virtue was its own reward.”

Twinkle sat in his room preparing some bills for the next town on his route, and inditing respectful letters to the gentlemen of the press; for Scuttleton—which wasthe next halting place of the Oriental Circus—boasted two local trumpets which swayed the sceptre of opinion jointly. Mrs. T. had gone out shopping, or was preparing the dinner; at all events, she was not with her lord and master. There was something wonderfully benignant in the smile of Twinkle when he was at home in the absence of his lady. He felt himself sole lord of the premises, and was elated accordingly. Even now, he had forgotten the existence of Mrs. T., when that lady entered panting and putting like a moderate-sized steam-engine. Without removing her bonnet and shawl, or laying down her basket, she took a seat. Twinkle noted her not.

“Well, I'm sure!” she said, peevishly, “you might look at me for a minute.”

Twinkle started.

“Yes, my dear.”

“It's all very well to say yes, my dear, but it isn't yes, my dear; and you know it isn't.”

“What's the matter my love?”

“Love, stuff.”

Twinkle looked up in surprise.

“My dear, you're out of temper.”

“Out of temper? I should think so. You seem to take it cool enough.”

“Take what cool enough?”

“I won't tell you; you can find it out for yourself—there!”

Mr. Twinkle used the pen which he held in his hand to scratch the point of his nose, and, as he happened to use the nib of the pen, he appeared to have some intention of preparing for the part of a negro, to judge by the deep black hue which his otherwise rubicon nose began to assume.

“You can find it out for yourself—there! then we'll see how you'll relish your posters, and your business, and all the rest of it.”

Mrs. T. spoke like an injured woman. A horrible suspicion crossed the mind of her spouse. He became agitated.

“But—but, my dear, if it is anything relating to business, it is your duty to tell me at once.”

“No, I won't! if you can treat me with scorn, I can do the same, that's all.”

She said this with a toss of her head. Then, as if talking to herself:

“It were a shame though to go without paying the poor women for their lodging—it were, but I always said it, I always knew what stuff they were made of.”

Twinkle could stand it no longer.

“Missus T., will you tell me what has happened?”

“I won't—ain't that enough?”

Twinkle seized his hat and stamped out of the house, leav-

ing the lady to her own reflections. He hurried along the streets without observing one of the placards which had so recently afforded him such infinite delight. He soon arrived at the Circus. There was nobody about but the man who was charged to look after it. He rushed to the Red Lion. The tap room was occupied by the male portion of his company.

“Ain't it rum, though,” the benighted Twinkle overheard Monsieur Tomekini say, as he approached the door.

“Do you think, now, that there was any cavalier in the question,” inquired one of the aged musicians.

The door burst open, and Twinkle, trembling as if his star was ready to die out, stood before them.

“Tulliety!” ejaculated Cannaby Phasht.

The company stared at Twinkle, and Twinkle stared at the company.

“Tell me, tell me what has happened,” groaned the unhappy manager; “has anybody poisoned anybody, or committed suicide?”

“Why, you don't mean to say that you haven't heard all about it?” said Monsieur Tomekini, doubtfully.

“I haven't no idea in the world. What is it? Will anybody tell me?”

“Of course we will,” said Cannaby, “but sit down man and calm yourself!”

“I won't sit, I won't stand, I won't do nothing until you tell me what all this mystery is about.”

“Well, it ain't much neither, only our pretty bird has flown,” remarked the musician.

“What bird—what bird?”

“Why, Emilie,” jerked out Monsieur Tomekini, who secretly rejoiced at the disappearance of Emilie, because Madame Tomekini was only a secondary person in the cirque when she was present.

Poor Twinkle, he gave one long dismal “Oh,” and sank down upon one of the forms. He stretched his legs straight out before him; his arms hung by his side, as it were, lifeless, and his hat fell down upon his nose, thus masking the upper part of his face. The great Twinkle was quite overcome.

“To think of that all those blessed posters wasted. To think of the harvest that might have been reaped, Oh! oh!” And again he subsided.

Suddenly he starts up, knocking his hat off by coming in contact with the head of Monsieur Tomekini, who was just bending over in order to offer some consolation, and seizing Cannaby wildly by the arm, he cried:

“But—but are you sure, quite sure that she's gone—oh, come now, confess that it was a hoax.”

“No it weren't old chap,” replies Cannaby, “it's the regular downright gospel.”

Twinkle clapped his hands together maniacally, exclaiming, “Ruined, ruined—ha, ha, ha!”

“Here guv'nor, take some beer and soothe your wounded feelings,” murmured Tomekini sympathetically, “it ain't such a great loss after all.”

“It's our ruin; look at them posters,” replied Twinkle. “Do you think they were put out for nothing. I tell you they would have drawn like the talking fish, and as soon as i

becomes known that our great star has fled it's my decided opinion that I don't believe we'll get a hundred people into the house."

The company did not, as a whole, care much about Mademoiselle Emile, she treated them too loftily to be well liked; consequently the company did not relish the information that without her they could not attract more than a hundred people.

"Besider," continued Twinkle solemnly, rubbing his nose and without heeding the signs of disapprobation made by the company, "Besider, you know it's immoral."

"Aye, there's the rub," said Tomekini, with the air of a man who had received a personal injury, "It'll bring us all into ill-favour."

"What need we care?" broke in the musician gloomily.

"A great deal, sir, if you please," retorted Tomekini, "the 'I say that we're all alike, that's always the way if one of our lot goes wrong; the discriminating public blames the whole profession."

"But that ain't what I want to know," said Twinkle, "I want to know if any of you know how she bolted, and why she bolted."

"Because she wanted to go," sighed the unhappy Cannaby, "Who went with her?"

"The old fellow of course."

"Anybody else?"

"I don't know" said Cannaby, for once speaking naturally, "I called at their lodgings this morning and asked for them. The landlady told me that when she went into Emilie's room this morning, she found on the table some money, and a note telling her to keep the trunk and things till they were sent for. Nobody knows any more about the matter."

The manager rubbed his nose harder than ever. Not finding any consolation in that interesting occupation, he pulled his hat firmly down over his contracted brows, bid the company good day, and returned to his spouse. The lady had become cool in consequence of having been seated at the open window during his absence, and her frame of mind was much softer than it had been. Twinkle declared daily that he didn't care a snuff for his wife's opinion upon any subject, but somehow he always consulted her and complained to her about his mishaps. Perhaps it was from habit, perhaps it was because he was ruled by her as the company invariably declared when he did anything which was disagreeable to them.

"Missus T., there is no getting on in this world," he remarked upon entering the room. "Everything seems to please itself and never to mind me. Here have I been struggling away for twenty years, servant and manager, without reaping as many safe pounds. It's not to be endured. Just as I was going to make my fortune out of that girl as I have trained for ever so long, off she goes and leaves me in the lurch without as much as saying good-bye to you, Twinkle."

"Easy come, easy go," observed Mrs. T. sententiously, and without rising from the window.

Twinkle cast himself into a chair and groaned in spirit.

"There's no trusting to noboby, everybody's alike," he murmured, "and I don't see what's to be done about them there infernal posters."

"You oughtn't to have been in such a hurry with them," said Mrs. T., "didn't I always tell you what to expect, didn't I always warn you."

"Oh don't bother me more than I am."

"Didn't I always—there's that young doctor and another gentleman coming down this way. Have you got the box-tickets there?"

It should be known that the special functions of Mrs. T. were concentrated in taking the money at the door of the cirque, and a shrewder money-taker could not have been found. She seemed to recognise instinctively to what part of the house the various persons wanted to go, even before they had asked for their ticket. She guessed now that Linley and his friend were coming for tickets, but she was wrong. There was a knock at the door, and George Linley entered. After saluting the manager and manageress, he disappointed and galled the shrewd Mrs. T. by asking for Mademoiselle Emilie, instead of taking out his purse and laying down the money for half-a-dozen box-tickets. She was disgusted with Emilie.

"Don't—don't mention her, don't mention her," groaned Twinkle.

"Is she ill?" inquired Linley.

"No, I don't know, she's gone and left us, without saying a word about it to anybody."

"Gone, whither?"

Twinkle's grief almost overcame him again, but a stern look from his lady recalled him to his duty. He told Linley all that he knew of the matter, and that gentleman seemed to be much puzzled and astonished.

"I had a message for her from Dr. Brogden," he said; "I am afraid she has lost a rare opportunity of benefiting herself."

"She has ruined us out and out," said Twinkle.

"She's blown us all up, as I always said she would," chimed in Mrs. T.

George Linley, finding his errand vain, took his leave of the unhappy couple, and with his friend proceeded homewards. He thought good deal about the cirque beauty. He had been struck with her when he first saw her lying by the wayside with her sprained ankle. He could not reconcile her with the position she occupied. There was something in her, he thought, far above the sawdust of the ring. He had been fascinated with her courage and daring in the circus, and the dark, beautiful face flashed upon his memory strangely. He had been directed by Dr. Brogden to find out where she lived, and he had been racking his thoughts to discover what possible business that gentleman could have with her. But it was in vain. He could divine nothing of his master's doings, though he felt an unaccountable repugnance against aiding him in any of those mysteries in which he seemed to be engaged. However, his assistance had been so far, very little called into request.

Twinkle having eaten a good dinner and refreshed himself with a strong glass of gin and water, felt sufficiently recovered from his misery to make preparations for that evening. He felt it to be his duty to make a great effort on this occasion, and he made it. He had small handbills circulated during the afternoon, directly contradicting his beloved posters, by informing the public that in consequence of sudden and severe indisposition Mademoiselle Emilie would be unable to appear that evening as announced. The whole strength of the company, however, was on this occasion, to work miracles.

Monsieur Tomekini was to swallow a moderate-sized red-hot poker. Madamo Tomekini was to perform the famous six-balloons-at-a-jump act. "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star," was to give a terrific double somersault, and "Funny Can" was to be funnier than ever, and everybody else was to do something that he or she had never done before.

They all that was promised—for a warden—he somehow the promoters were flat. No one was able to insure, as Emilie had done, that the thing mentioned which people did not feel; and audience and performers seemed to feel that there was something wanting.

The performance was over, Twinkle was about to discharge himself of his fiddle, when a hand was laid upon his shoulder. He turned round and saw standing beside him a tall, bushy-haired man. His manners were not exactly shabby, and no exactly genteel. His manners were not exactly those of a gentleman, nor altogether those of a boor—he was an odd mixture of all sorts of qualities—that sort of men whom it is utterly impossible to define. Twinkle eyed him keenly; he was not a gentleman, that was certain. He was not a clod-hopper, that was also certain. What was he? thought the invincible Twinkle—some fellow wanting an engagement, no doubt.

"I have the honour of addressing Mr. Twinkle," said the stranger with a polite bow.

Twinkle became immediately convinced that it was a matter of business.

"I am Twinkle, sole proprietor of Twinkle's (late Hackney Batt's) Oriental Circus," replied that gentleman again (Emilio).

"Ah, thank you," returned the stranger. "Perhaps you can inform me if you have in your company a certain Mademoiselle Emilie?"

Twinkle was very near saying something naughty: everybody seemed to be wanting Mademoiselle Emilie. He restrained his feelings, and said quietly: "She was in our company till last night, when she bolted."

"What?"

"Bolted—run away!"

"Humph!" ejaculated the stranger; and he played with the stick which he held in his hand, whilst his bright eyes watched the features of Twinkle.

"When did she go?" he asked at length.

"I don't know; it must have been last night or early this morning."

"Do you know where she has gone to?"

"I don't know nothing about it," replied Twinkle, sadly; "but it is my decided opinion that I should say that the Star of the Cirque has disappeared into endless night."

"And left us in endless mourning," said Cannaby, who had just then approached the speakers.

CHAPTER VI.

UNDER A HAYSTACK.

WHEN Emilie and her guardian entered their little apartment, Peter, who had not once ceased speaking to himself in that low, indistinct voice, hurriedly closed the door and locked it. He was trembling. He looked round the room suspiciously, as if he feared to find some uninvited guest.

There was a merry fire sparkling in the grate; there was a kettle humming on the hob, and a teapot glistening with the blaze of the fire. There were two cups and saucers and the other appurtenances for tea on the table. They were unheeded. Peter laid his fiddle on a chair, placed his hat on the top of it and allowed his stick to fall upon the floor. He sat down upon the faded sofa and rocked himself to and fro—still mumbling. Emilie was bewildered. Quietly she took off her bonnet and shawl; then softly, very softly, she stole over to the old man. She knelt down beside him; she twined her arms round his neck; he ceased his rocking motion; she rested her head upon his shoulder, and he sobbed aloud.

Slowly the sobs subsided. He took from his hat a large cotton handkerchief and wiped his brow and eyes. Emilie pressed her soft lips upon his shrunken cheeks. He placed one hand upon her head, and with the other drew her closer to him; closer, closer, as if he feared that some one would steal her away from him.

"Father, what does this mean?" she inquired softly.

The rocking motion commenced again. The old man trembled and numbed. This time she heard what he was saying to himself.

"After so many years: all these weary years of wandering and privations, and now, now when we were happy, to start up like a devil before us, to snatch our poor pleasures away from us—will it never end, never end?"

Emilie kissed the poor quivering cheek again, and twined her arms more tenderly round the thin scraggy neck.

"My poor child—my own little Amy, they would break the old man's heart and take you from him now that you are so dear, so dear," he mumbled, gazing softly into her dark eyes, now soft and loving in their expression.

"No one shall ever take me from you, father; no one shall ever separate us."

"Ay, ay, ay, you think so; you think so;" he groaned, disconsolately.

"Who shall do it? who can do it? who durst do it?" she said strongly, and a strange flush lit up the recently tender eyes.

"Those of whom you know nothing; nothing, nothing, my poor child—of whom you can know nothing yet."

"Who are they, father, tell me, tell me."

"Hush! not now, not now," and he sobbed again.

Emilie looked into his face with an anxious, inquiring gaze, but she could read nothing there, save blank fear and despair. Her mind wandered back to the figure of the man who had thrown her only guardian into this state of misery. She could not remember anything about him that would afford any explanation. There was nothing in his manner or appearance that could have caused her father—for we will call him by that name too, render, with your good leave—so much agitation. In both manner and appearance he was polite and gentlemanly to a degree. She determined next day to make inquiries about the gentleman, and if possible find out what there was in him which could so strangely disturb her otherwise undemonstrative father. She did not know why it was, but a strange feeling took possession of her mind, which feeling informed her that they had seen the doctor somewhere before. Suddenly Peter spoke. This time there were energy and determination in his voice.

"No, no, they shall not take her from me. We will away—away far away before the hounds are let slip upon us."

"Father, father, you are troubled. What mean you?"

"We must leave this place, my child. We must fly—fly far away, there is danger, much danger to both of us, if we remain."

"Tell me the danger father, I am not afraid."

"No, no—not now, not now. We must leave, we must fly. Prepare yourself, we will start to-morrow by sunrise. You are not afraid, my child?"

"You know it, I think?"

"Then we can walk—walk a long way—you are not afraid?"

"If you wish it, dear father."

"I do, I do, it must be done. Now rest yourself. I am quite strong you know, quite strong, and while you rest I'll pack up some things."

Emilie, my! I long to any one else, obeyed the slightest wish of her father, but she began to fear that he would hurt himself.

"No, dear father, it is I that am strong. You must rest, and I will prepare for our journey, if it must be so."

"There, there, child, you are weak, and know not of it. I am strong, quite strong."

He rose to his feet as he spoke. He still trembled. He looked the picture of weakness. But still he insisted that he was strong, "quite, quite strong," and that he was able for anything. Emilie obeyed him, and lay down on her bed without taking her clothes off. Her head was burning with heat, which seemed to be boiling her ideas into the wildest confusion. She tried to think, to remember; but it was of no avail. She could make nothing of it but that her father had some strange reason for leaving Caverford at once, and that whatever that reason might be, it was impossible to learn from him just then. For he was dogged when he wished to hold his tongue, and she loved him too much to think of thwarting him in anything. So it was that she had made little objection to his old and hasty determination. She was a brave girl; a girl of strong unconquerable passions, of which the strongest and fiercest was love.

Peter sat by the side of the bed—very still—watching his darling. At length her eyelids closed and she slept. Still he sat watching. Then he bent his head over her, as it were, to see if she were asleep. He walked about the room, his lips and fingers nervously twitching.

"At least," he muttered, "she shall be safe for the present. Perhaps he did not recognise her, and we may yet live unknown to him. My poor child, my own little boy."

Amy appeared to be the proper name of Mademoiselle Emilie, and as it passed the old man's lips there seemed to be a peculiar soft tenderness in its pronunciation.

"So, so," he continued, "they would take you away—take you away from me, but they shan't, they shan't."

For some short time longer he hobbled up and down the little room; walking round the table, and taking odd turnings about the chairs as if to make his walk as long as possible. He stopped before the green bag containing his fiddle. He took up the bag, and opening it, took out his instrument. He looked at it all over, from top to bottom. He shook his head at it mournfully, sighed, and put it back into its case; tied it up very carefully and placed it on the table. He next took a small carpet-bag from a corner of the room, and after putting some few things into it, placed it also on the table. That done, he sat down by the bed again, and leaning his elbows on his knees, hid his face in his hands.

Four o'clock struck, and the sound of the tiny bell of a clock situated somewhere in the house, seemed to echo through the silent room again and again. Peter started to his feet. He wakened Amy.

"Come child, come, it is time for us to go."

The fire had burned out, and it was very cold. Amy rose and without speaking doffed her bonnet and shawl, the old man helping her with tender solicitude. When she was ready to start, she took some money from her pocket, and, wrapping it up in a piece of paper, laid it on the table. With a pencil she wrote on another piece of paper a note to the landlady, requesting her to keep the articles left till they were called for. Then the two, the weak old man, strong in his love; and the young girl, strong in her faith in that love, settled forth, unseen by any mortal eye.

Night was first turning intonit; the dawn was slowly creeping up from the east, and the two wayfarers passed out of the village. They saw no one; sleep seemed to hold the world in bondage. They passed the house of Dr. Brogden. There were lights in one of the windows. On, on they sped, turning neither to the right nor to the left. On, past the straggling villas and cottages; on, past hayfields and hedges. Old farm-buildings and windmills, on, on, still on. By and by they began to meet peasants on their way to the fields; carts and horses, and large hay ricks. On, on, they sped, unheeding all, only conscious of the necessity of getting away from Caverford.

Amy bore up bravely. No complaint of weariness, no lagging behind; on, on she marched firmly, determinedly. The old man seemed to have become young again, he appeared to be so strong. He carried the little carpet bag, his fiddle and stick, and sternly he moved along.

They reached an antiquated looking little village with thatched roofs and wooden walls. They stopped at an ale house and refreshed themselves with some bread and cheese and ale, and away they went again, as "tumblily as ever." Green fields, lowing kine, trees in full bloom; the hoppers in clusters busy with their daily toil, on, on, past them all. Peter was busy with his own thoughts, so that he did not observe how weary and footsore Amy was beginning to appear. His own strength was more that of madness than of his natural enclebed powers. Night was fast falling.

"Have we much further to go, now, father?" asked Amy weakly.

Peter looked at her inquiringly; then he stopped. Amy leant heavily upon his arm.

"Are you tired, child?"

"Yes—yes, a little."

"Come, then, lean upon me, deere, we will take a rest yonder by yon haystack. Come, you must be wearied, poor child."

"Not very much."

"There, there, you say that to please me; I should have seen that you were worn out before this."

"I could go farther, but . . ."

"But, what, child?"

"My fatigues seems to be more . . . the disinclination of the mind to . . . journey, than an actual . . . drowsiness of the limbs."

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of the Pharmacopeia) that it does not give any account what
contains ales, yet we know that hemorhoidal persons cannot
bear ales, except it be in the form of COCKLES' PILLS which
chiefly consist of ales, scammony, and colocynth. which I think
are formed into a sort of compound extract, the acidity of which
is obviated, I suspect, by an alkaline process, and by a fourth
ingredient, which I do not know, but which is probably
go-honey, and no worse of it for its being a stomach medicine. I look
at it as an article of commerce and domestic convenience, and do
not hesitate to say it is the best made pill in the kingdom; a muscular
purge, a mucous purge, and a hydrogogue purge combined,
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